



Saturday February 28 1998

Albania D 8.50	Greece D 5.00	Oman O.R. 1.00
Andorra P 1.00	Hong Kong HK\$ 25	Pakistan P 2.00
Australia A\$ 3.00	Iceland IK 185	Portugal E 240
Austria S 13.50	Ireland I 150	Romania R 1.50
Belgium B 11.50	Italy I 1.50	Saudi Arabia S 1.00
Canada C\$ 1.50	Jordan J 1.25	Slovakia S 1.50
Chad C 1.00	Kuwait K 1.50	Slovenia S 1.50
Czech Republic C 1.00	Kyrgyzstan K 1.50	Spain S 1.50
Denmark D 1.50	Latvia L 1.50	Sweden S 1.50
Egypt E 1.50	Lithuania L 1.50	Switzerland S 1.50
Finland F 1.50	Luxembourg L 1.50	Taiwan T 1.50
France F 1.50	Malta M 1.50	Turkey T 1.50
Germany D 1.50	Norway N 1.50	USA \$ 1.00

The Guardian

INTERNATIONAL
NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Printed in London, Manchester, Frankfurt and Roubaix

Newspaper of the year...

Murdoch authors in revolt

Anger at tycoon's role in Patten book fiasco

Rory Carroll and Kamal Ahmed

ONE OF Britain's most prestigious publishing companies was facing an authors' revolt last night after it was revealed that Rupert Mur-

doch pressured senior managers at HarperCollins to dump a book by Chris Patten, former governor of Hong Kong. The revolt comes after a series of astonishing admissions that senior managers at HarperCollins discussed Mr Patten's book, East and West, with Mr Murdoch, who was unhappy that it was to be critical of China.

Last night, News Corporation admitted that Mr Murdoch had "expressed dissatisfaction" with Mr Patten's book. The Australian media mogul has wide-ranging business interests in China. Peter Hennessy, Sir Frank Kermode and Booker Prize winner Penelope Fitzgerald said they were considering ending their contracts with HarperCollins and following Stuart Proffitt, who resigned as editor-in-chief over the dispute. Professor Hennessy, author of political histories and biog-

raphies, said: "Any publishing house that lets him go is crackers. If Stuart turns up somewhere else then a lot of us will see if we can be released from our contracts." Ms Fitzgerald said: "It's a terrible blow to me. I don't think I can manage without Stuart." Sir Frank Kermode, an academic literary critic, said he would be tempted to follow Mr Proffitt wherever he went. There was a question mark last night over the future of John Major's memoirs, which have been bought by HarperCollins. Publishing sources said that it would be difficult

for the former prime minister to allow HarperCollins to control the content. Simon Schama, a biographer described as one of the jewels in the firm's crown, said: "If I was doing a political biography I wouldn't feel free. I couldn't work under those conditions." Mr Patten, who has moved his book to rival publishers Macmillan, confirmed yesterday that he is suing HarperCollins. Mr Proffitt, who was Mr Patten's editor, is also suing the publishers for constructive dismissal.

Pay Weldon said that she was likely to stay with HarperCollins, although she would be making a final decision "when the dust settles". In a statement released last night in New York, News Corporation, owned by Mr Murdoch, denied he had any role in trying to change the book. "Rupert Murdoch at no time tried to change Patten's book and he did not ask anyone to change it," the statement said. "From the start, however, he expressed dissatisfaction about the decision to publish it. He made his view clear to HarperCollins when he first

learned the book had been commissioned. "Rupert Murdoch did not agree with many of Mr Patten's positions in Hong Kong, which he thought abrogated promises made by the previous government." Mr Patten's agent, Michael Sisson, said that senior managers at HarperCollins who had been involved in the decision to scrap Mr Patten's book should resign.

Murdoch's Chinese puzzle, pages 2 and 3; Leader comment, page 8; Mark Lawson, page 9

And this is the joint warmest February since 1869?



Walkers in the Cairngorms experience a stormy end to one of the balmiest Februaries this century as snow and gales hit Scotland and the North yesterday

Sarah Hall and Martin Walwright

IT MAY be ending with sound and fury, but this February looks set to be the joint warmest this century.

As the month draws to a close, the average temperature - 7.3C (45.1F) - is on course to equal that of February 1990 - the warmest since 1869. There has been only a quarter of the usual rainfall, and more than 100 hours of sunshine, compared to February's usual 65. But while it may have been unseasonably balmy, February has ended not with a whimper but a bang. In the north yesterday, storm-force winds brought chaos, with a passenger aircraft blown off the runway in Leeds and motorways closed by toppled lorries. Fifteen passengers on the British Midland commuter service to Glasgow were treated for shock after the Sabre 340 twin-turbo prop was blown for 100 yards across the grass as it began its take-off. At West Leeds High School more than 1,000 pupils were evacuated and 27 treated for minor injuries after winds of up to 90mph destroyed most of the roof.

Weather, page 2

The Guardian was yesterday named Newspaper of the Year for the second year running - the only time in the 40-year history of the What the Papers Say Awards that a paper has won consecutive awards. Full details, page 4

EU on track for euro as first eleven hit targets

Martin Walker in Brussels and Mark Milner

THE single currency reached its most important landmark to date when 11 of the European Union's 15 member states said they had met a key economic qualifying standard. The figures released in Brussels yesterday will boost the project's political momentum and are expected to allow the EU's heads of government to clear all 11 to sign up for the single currency when membership is decided at the beginning of May. Germany, Italy and France - the three biggest economies among EU members hoping to join the first wave of monetary union - all showed public sector deficits at or below the target laid down in the Maastricht treaty. The treaty says deficits may not exceed 3 per cent of gross domestic product. The results allay earlier fears that the big three might

miss the target, although France just scraped in with a deficit of 3 per cent. They were also helped by some creative accounting. Italy levied a euro tax last year which it has promised to begin repaying in 1999. The French government took a one-off pensions payment from France Telecom, and Germany, which raised taxes to reduce its public borrowing requirement, cut its deficit by taking billions of marks of hospital debt out of the public sector. With Britain, Sweden and Denmark already ruling themselves out of signing up for the single currency in 1999, only Greece of the remaining EU members failed to meet the deficit target. Though more than half the 11 countries failed to reduce public sector debt below the level of 60 per cent of GDP laid down in the treaty, the deficit provision is open to interpretation. But it could yet prove a stumbling block for both Italy and Belgium,

which have debt levels double the Maastricht target. Ironically, Britain comfortably met both the debt and deficit qualifying levels. EU officials were yesterday quick to brush aside high debt levels, claiming the Euro effect was already fostering budgetary discipline. "These figures show the unquestionably positive effect of the convergence policy," the EU finance commissioner, Yves-Thibault de Silguy, said. "We are confident that they will permit a large number of states to participate in the euro from next January 1." There are further stages to the selection process, with the European Parliament, the European Monetary Institute and the EU's finance ministers all to voice opinions on who should qualify. A group of German academics is meanwhile challenging the euro's legality before Germany's constitutional court. Europe's leaders celebrate, and Notebook, page 11

Ministers in disarray after 'hijacking' of rural rally

Anne Perkins Political Correspondent

GOVERNMENT policy on tomorrow's countryside march was in disarray last night after claims that the event had been hijacked by the blood sports lobby. Downing Street sources and ministers contradicted one another over who will be attending what is expected to be one of the biggest protests for 20 years. The confusion came amid charges that the organisers, the Countryside Alliance, had misled thousands of people about the pro-hunting purpose of the demonstration. Police say as many as 250,000 people could join the London march. The junior agriculture minister with responsibility for the countryside, Elliot Morley, who on Thursday was said to be attending the march, yesterday denied that he was going. He told BBC



Radio's Farming Today: "There's no doubt in our minds that this march has been hijacked. If we were represented officially on this march, it would be demonstrated as government support for blood sports." But Downing Street sources, confirming that Michael Meacher, the Environment Minister, would be going, said: "We hope it will be a celebration of the countryside. It's about the issues affecting people who live there, with which the Government itself is concerned."

The confusion reflects the Government's continuing uncertainty about how to respond to the country lobby. In the past week there have been a series of concessions, with a promise to cut the amount of greenfield housing development and to have voluntary rather than compulsory countryside access agreements. Mr Meacher, also anti-hunting, last night challenged the Countryside Alliance to come clean about the protest's intentions. Last night Janet George, spokeswoman for the Countryside Alliance, said: "The whole purpose of this march is to oppose the anti-hunting bill which returns to the Commons next Friday." Senior Labour Party sources claimed last night that Mr Meacher had decided to go several days ago and it had never been the intention to send Mr Morley. Letters, page 8; Jeremy Hardy, The Week, page 16

In these times of ours - and we don't need to be precise about the exact date - but, anyway, very early in the year, a young man not much over thirty, tall, six-foot plus an inch or two - with ink-dark hair and a serious-looking, fine-featured but pallid face, went to keep a business appointment and discovered a hanged man.

The finest storyteller of his generation



armadillo
THE AMAZING NEW NOVEL BY
WILLIAM BOYD
OUT NOW

Inside	Britain	World News	Finance	Sport	Weather 2; Obituaries 7 Comment 8; Crossword 12 The Week Crossword 24 Sport 19-24
4	6	11	24	24	



'They have tried to make me a scapegoat but they have chosen the wrong man'

This is an edited version of the declaration issued through solicitors by Stuart Proffitt.

I AM leaving HarperCollins with much sadness. I joined the company in January 1983, shortly after leaving university when I was appointed editorial assistant (temporary).

I was appointed successively editor, senior editor, editorial director and publishing director, non-fiction, until I was appointed publisher of the HarperCollins (main books division) in September 1992, responsible for the publishing of all the division's fiction and non-fiction books.

Authors I have worked with over the last 15 years include Christopher Andrew, Jeffrey Archer, Karen Armstrong, Timothy Garton Ash, Alan Bullock, Jung Chang, Joan Didion, Ronald Dworkin, Leon Edel, Penelope Fitzgerald, David Frost, Martin Gilbert, Quentin Hurrell, John Hale, Peter Hennessy, Charlton Heston, Richard Holmes, Geoffrey Hosking, Alan Judd, Paul Kennedy, Frank Kermode, Doris Lessing, Jan Karon, Noel Malcolm, Caroline Moorehead, Patrick O'Brian, Richard Ollard, Chris Patten, Ben Pimlott, Roy Porter, John Prebble, N.A.M. Rodger, Arundhati Roy, Simon Schama, Jonathan Spence, Anthony Seldon, Margaret Thatcher and Elinor Wylie.

The immediate reasons for my departure are:

In June 1997, I secured on behalf of HarperCollins, with the express approval and encouragement of Eddie Bell, chairman of HarperCollins, UK, and Adrian Bourne, managing director of the trade division, and against stiff

competition from other publishers, a contract with Chris Patten for his book which we came to call East and West. The Last Governor of Hong Kong on Power, Freedom and the Future.

I was told several times later in 1997 by Eddie Bell that Rupert Murdoch had called him to express extreme displeasure that we had signed the book.

I received the first two-thirds of the book from Chris Patten in the second week of January and wrote a report for Eddie Bell and Adrian Bourne, during which I called it "probably the best written and most compelling book I have read by a politician since I came into publishing."

I wrote to Chris Patten and his agent, Michael Sissons, of Peter Hennessy, Charlton Heston, Richard Holmes, Geoffrey Hosking, Alan Judd, Paul Kennedy, Frank Kermode, Doris Lessing, Jan Karon, Noel Malcolm, Caroline Moorehead, Patrick O'Brian, Richard Ollard, Chris Patten, Ben Pimlott, Roy Porter, John Prebble, N.A.M. Rodger, Arundhati Roy, Simon Schama, Jonathan Spence, Anthony Seldon, Margaret Thatcher and Elinor Wylie.

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Stuart Proffitt... with HarperCollins for 15 years

are potentially serious for NewsCorp and HarperCollins. "KRM (Rupert Murdoch) has outlined to me the negative aspects of publication. I must stress that the book will be published. The issue therefore derives not from the book's content but its publishing by a NewsCorp company."

Within Britain, NewsCorp's actions are tracked and reported on by an often hostile media. NewsCorp's ambitions in China are often commented upon. It is difficult to believe any decision by HarperCollins to relinquish rights will not be

directly attributed to NewsCorp and become the basis for negative PR.

"Clearly, authors will not be positively disposed to this, and some negative impact on acquisitions should not be discarded."

"There are effectively two options: publish and seek to contain any negative PR [or] not publish and seek to contain any negative PR."

"Please can I ask you to review the points and brief me. KRM should be personally briefed. PR strategy to be put in place..."

When I inquired on January 23, I was told by Adrian Bourne that the matter was on hold until January 26, when Anthea Disney would be in Britain.

Thus on January 29 a dinner took place at the Savoy Hotel for 20 senior HarperCollins staff and about 35 book-sellers, to introduce Chris Patten to them.

At the end of the meal, I introduced Patten and gave my view of the book, which I called "the most intelligently written book I've read by a politician in 15 years of publishing." The dinner was a great success.

On February 3, I asked Adrian Bourne what the result of the discussions between Anthea Disney and Eddie Bell had been, and was told he had heard nothing. The next day, he asked me to see him on February 5 and we met that day, when he told me a decision had been taken to withdraw from Patten's book.

This decision had been made, he said, not after discussions with Anthea Disney, but because he and Eddie Bell (neither of whom has any editorial experience) had now completed their reading of the text and judged it (a) not to conform to the outline, and (b) not worth what we had paid for it.

Adrian Bourne then asked me if he and Eddie Bell had any sympathy for the book, and I told him I had served the company loyally for 15 years but my case for constructive dismissal is now being lodged with an industrial tribunal.

These are extracts from a statement given by Stuart Proffitt declared on February 26, which first appeared in full in the Daily Telegraph on February 27.

vidual... that this decision has been made. Any breach of this instruction would be viewed by the company as an act of gross misconduct."

Gross misconduct, of course, led to immediate dismissal without compensation.

The next day, I asked for the reasons for the cancellation to be given to me in writing or in the presence of independent witnesses.

I repeated this request, in writing, on February 9. I was at that point suspended, and instructed to engage in any HarperCollins business.

Over the past 15 years, I have been entrusted with the editing of all the authors I name above and many others. So far as I can remember, this is the first time my recommendation for a commissioned typescript has been over-ruled.

Eddie Bell's and Adrian Bourne's position is that this is solely on the grounds of the book's content, and not on the grounds of "commerciality". This is clearly not a true or sustainable position and it is not one which I can support, as I have been asked to do so.

To do so would have meant both lying and doing enormous damage to my own reputation.

Though I have some sympathy for Eddie Bell, he has tried to make me the scapegoat. He has chosen the wrong man. I have served the company loyally for 15 years but my case for constructive dismissal is now being lodged with an industrial tribunal.

These are extracts from a statement given by Stuart Proffitt declared on February 26, which first appeared in full in the Daily Telegraph on February 27.

The media mogul had his sights on a mega-deal with Beijing, and he was not inclined to let anything stand in its way

Kamel Ahmed

THREE days after New Year a small announcement with big repercussions was sent out by the Chinese government concerning a certain Keith Rupert Murdoch.

The Communist authorities had agreed that Star TV, Murdoch's Hong Kong-based satellite channel, would be given permission to broadcast to southern China by way of its cable television company, Phoenix.

Murdoch was delighted. In television terms the deal was tiny, giving his empire access to a paltry 2.5 million viewers. But in political terms and in terms of his plan to dominate the country's media market, it had huge significance.

It marked the culmination of a four-year campaign to woo the Chinese authorities. Now his real target had moved into sight — the viewers of the 310 million television sets in China and the advertisers willing to pay a big price for access to one of the world's fastest growing economies in the world.

Win that battle and the ability to communicate via digital technology and computers be-

comes a possibility. That is the information future, and Murdoch wants to be the most powerful man in it.

Control the gateway — the technology you need, either television or computer, to get the message across — and the possible future profits will dwarf anything yet achieved in the cash-rich world of the media.

NewsCorp's own results say that revenue from China went up by 75 per cent in the third quarter of 1997. This is very, very big money — billions of dollars, ultimately.

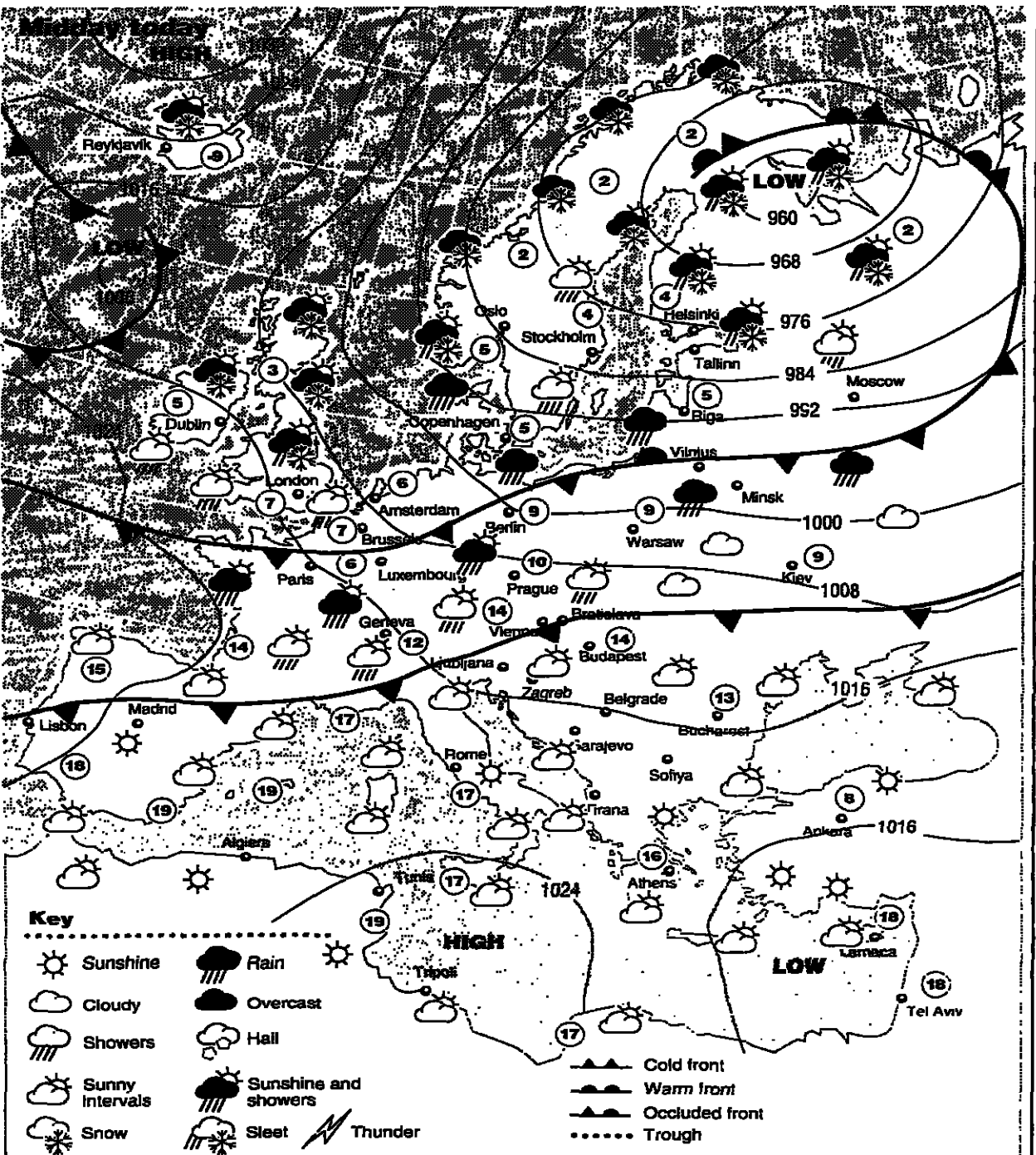
The Phoenix agreement was the first time China had given Murdoch the official stamp of approval. Only three months earlier the deal had appeared to be dead in the water.

Last autumn Beijing had published guidelines on a ban on foreign channels transmitting into China.

In 1994 Murdoch had made some ill-advised remarks about television being the greatest threat to totalitarian regimes and had been playing catch-up ever since.

If China had refused to budge, there seemed to be no way Star TV could turn around its estimated losses of £30 million a year, a burden Murdoch is willing to carry indefinitely as long as there is

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	21-24 F	22-25 F
Amsterdam	10-14 F	11-15 F
Athens	18-21 F	19-22 F
Berlin	8-11 F	9-12 F
Bombay	24-27 F	25-28 F
Buenos Aires	12-15 F	13-16 F
Calcutta	24-27 F	25-28 F
Cairo	18-21 F	19-22 F
Geneva	10-14 F	11-15 F
London	10-14 F	11-15 F
Madrid	16-19 F	17-20 F
Moscow	10-14 F	11-15 F
Nice	16-19 F	17-20 F
Paris	10-14 F	11-15 F
Rome	16-19 F	17-20 F
Stockholm	10-14 F	11-15 F
Tunis	18-21 F	19-22 F
Vienna	10-14 F	11-15 F

Around the world

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	21-24 F	22-25 F
Amsterdam	10-14 F	11-15 F
Athens	18-21 F	19-22 F
Berlin	8-11 F	9-12 F
Bombay	24-27 F	25-28 F
Buenos Aires	12-15 F	13-16 F
Calcutta	24-27 F	25-28 F
Cairo	18-21 F	19-22 F
Geneva	10-14 F	11-15 F
London	10-14 F	11-15 F
Madrid	16-19 F	17-20 F
Moscow	10-14 F	11-15 F
Nice	16-19 F	17-20 F
Paris	10-14 F	11-15 F
Rome	16-19 F	17-20 F
Stockholm	10-14 F	11-15 F
Tunis	18-21 F	19-22 F
Vienna	10-14 F	11-15 F

European weather outlook

It will become colder with rain turning to snow showers in most areas, although southern Sweden and Norway will have rain for a while longer. The best of any sunny spells will be eastern Sweden. Temperatures will range from about freezing in the north to 5C in the south, dropping everywhere later. Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland.

Rather cloudy with a few showers, one or two of them heavy in northern Germany but spells of sunshine will break out in between. To Alps will have snow showers. Max temps generally between 6 and 10C.

Cooler than recently, and showery, with a low but heavy downpour in the north. There will be spells of sunshine in between, however, and the far south should stay dry with the best of the sunshine. Highs from 7C in the north to 17C on the Riviera.

Spain and Portugal.

After a misty start in some areas it will turn into a mostly fine day with some sunshine, the best of it in the south and west. Over northern Spain, however, there will be a few showers breaking out. Max temps from 13C in the north to 21C in Seville and on the Costa Brava.

Italy.

Mist in the north will slowly clear, leaving a dry day in all areas with plenty of sunshine. Max temps ranging from 13C in the north to 18C on Sicily.

Greece.

Any mist or fog at dawn will soon clear, leaving a dry day with plenty of sunshine, and it will be a little warmer than recently. Max temps 15-18C.

Television and radio — Saturday

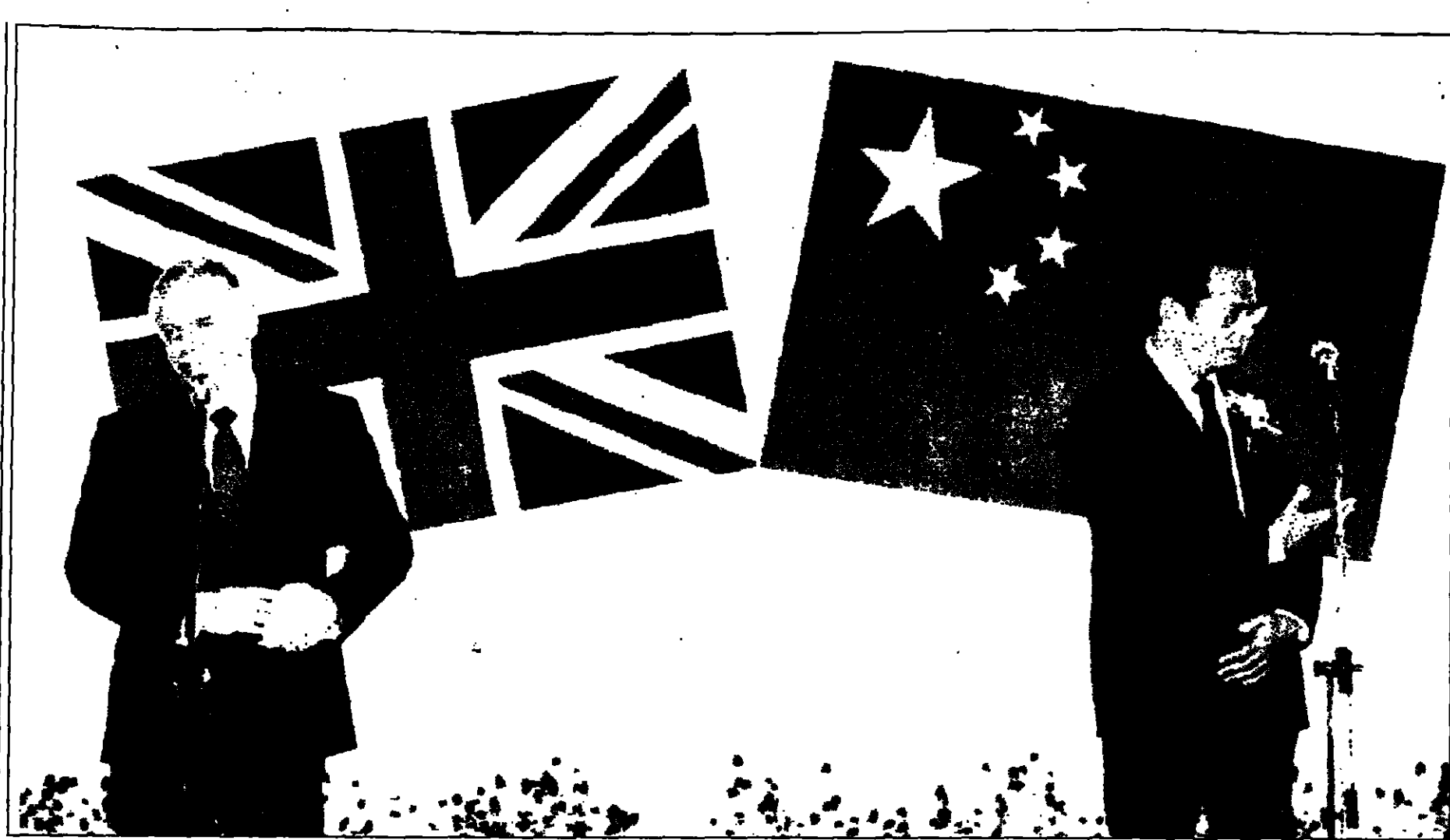
Time	Channel	Programme
6.00am	BBC 1	6.00am Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe. 6.30am News. 6.45am Breakfast. 7.00am News. 7.15am News. 7.30am News. 7.45am News. 8.00am News. 8.15am News. 8.30am News. 8.45am News. 9.00am News. 9.15am News. 9.30am News. 9.45am News. 10.00am News. 10.15am News. 10.30am News. 10.45am News. 11.00am News. 11.15am News. 11.30am News. 11.45am News. 12.00pm News. 12.15pm News. 12.30pm News. 12.45pm News. 1.00pm News. 1.15pm News. 1.30pm News. 1.45pm News. 2.00pm News. 2.15pm News. 2.30pm News. 2.45pm News. 3.00pm News. 3.15pm News. 3.30pm News. 3.45pm News. 4.00pm News. 4.15pm News. 4.30pm News. 4.45pm News. 5.00pm News. 5.15pm News. 5.30pm News. 5.45pm News. 6.00pm News. 6.15pm News. 6.30pm News. 6.45pm News. 7.00pm News. 7.15pm News. 7.30pm News. 7.45pm News. 8.00pm News. 8.15pm News. 8.30pm News. 8.45pm News. 9.00pm News. 9.15pm News. 9.30pm News. 9.45pm News. 10.00pm News. 10.15pm News. 10.30pm News. 10.45pm News. 11.00pm News. 11.15pm News. 11.30pm News. 11.45pm News. 12.00am 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Murdoch's Chinese puzzle

a huge pot of gold at the end of the road. Negotiations with the Chinese to get the Phoenix deal all along, like an irritating fly buzzing around Murdoch's business interests, was this book's contract between one of his companies and Chris Patten — a contract to write a book with critical passages about China, which was threatening to scupper all those future plans. Murdoch had already kicked BBC World off Star TV after it broadcast a less than flattering documentary on Mao Tse-Tung. He was not going to let the former governor of Hong Kong stand in his way.

Last night Murdoch's decision to interfere in the publication of Patten's book, *East Meets West: The Last Governor of Hong Kong*, was threatening to blow up in his face. Patten is suing HarperCollins for breach of contract. Stuart Proffitt, the literary editor described as one of the best of his generation, is also suing, for constructive dismissal. Rumbles of disquiet are beginning to reverberate among the eminent authors published by the company, one of the most influential in the world. There have been calls for HarperCollins' most senior management to consider their positions. The prospect of Patten going head-to-head in court against the biggest media mogul of them all is causing a stir in the publishing world. It is difficult to exaggerate. The story begins last summer, when Proffitt won the battle for publication rights to Patten's first work on his time in Hong Kong and its aftermath.

Patten was paid a £50,000 advance, with an agreement that he would be paid £25,000 when the 75,000-word manuscript was complete and a further £50,000 when the book was first published. By the time Proffitt received the first draft in January, he already knew there were problems. In his statutory declaration, a legal document which will play a central role in his legal case against HarperCollins, he said that Eddie Bell, the chairman of HarperCollins, had already told him that Murdoch was not happy that Patten had been signed up. Proffitt was convinced that Patten's book would be a "major best-seller". Proffitt's report, his declaration says, was sent to Anthea Disney, chairwoman and chief executive of News American Publishing in New York, a wholly subsidiary of NewsCorp. Disney had already ordered Bell to dump Patten's book. Bell was concerned that such a move would be a public relations disaster. "The more I have thought about this the more concerned I have become," Bell said. But then came the clincher: "KRM [Bell's shorthand for Murdoch] has outlined to me the negative aspect of publication, which I fully understand."



Body language... At a reception in 1993, Chris Patten, governor, and Zhou Nan, China's top official in Hong Kong, symbolise the prevailing tensions. PHOTOGRAPH: VINCENT YU SLUG

Overlord of the media jungle



COMMENT/Rupert Murdoch is a man possessed, writes Roy Greenslade: he must forge on, finding new outlets, building world domination

OH HOW we laughed at silly Robert Maxwell's crude acts of censorship and his currying favour with totalitarian dictators. It was all too ridiculous to take seriously. But when Rupert Murdoch does the same, it is a very serious matter indeed, because, unlike the late and unlamented Captain Bob, he has a mighty global media empire and, through it, can wield considerable power. The Chris Patten example follows — forgive the pun — a pattern. Murdoch chucked the BBC off his Star TV satellite transmissions to China because it had the temerity to criticise the regime. He gave Andrew Neil the heave-ho from the Sunday Times for daring to suggest that Malaysia's business dealings were a legitimate story. He finally dropped Kelvin MacKenzie as editor for (among other things) being too right-wing when he required a political chameleon. He can make anything happen as he wants within his empire. One day, the lashing he met for his role in building the Millennium Dome. Next, after a word from Rupert, it becomes

wildly enthusiastic. When his papers are failing to enthrone the market, he can indulge in predatory pricing to give them an unfair advantage. In the media business jungle, he is king. Murdoch's views on politics and ethics are secondary to his lust for business, and he doesn't understand those who don't share his passion. He really will not grasp why such a future has blown up over this affair. For him, it's the business which makes the world go round, the motor that drives all human development and anything which gets in the way of that must take its chances. Let me immediately qualify that: his business is of paramount importance and nothing should stand in its way. Despite any number of attempts, nobody has ever really explained what makes Murdoch tick and it is highly unlikely that he knows himself. Unfortunately, Murdoch's biographers and critics have tended to look in entirely the wrong direction when they try to analyse his impulses. Then they appear surprised when an excavation of his background provides no sensible answer.

In fact, the reason could not be more simple. Murdoch is the quintessential buccaneering 20th century global capitalist and is therefore as much a victim of capitalism's iron logic (and, by extension, its illogicality) as he is its master. He and the market are tick and tock. Despite his throwaway remarks over the years about "big enough now" and "stopping" for a while, he knows that is just public relations and he can never throw in the towel. If companies don't expand, they die. It is impossible to stop the dynamic and he is impelled to go on, acquiring

other capitalist propagandists, such as the Daily Telegraph, which yesterday condemned Murdoch for being "a ruthless operator". Ruthlessness is not, in such a context, a valid basis for criticism. It is a form of praise for Murdoch, who is the personification of millennial global business where international frontiers do not exist, national politics are irrelevant, and regulatory laws are minor hazards. The only thing that matters for him is the exploitation of markets for profit, and what better "virgin" market can there be than China? Its political elite are nothing if not

Sundays, doubtless in the hope that the world will become a better place without fornication and titillation. But that is the religious compartment in his life separate from the mainstream: the relentless pursuit of profit. He may not like the fact that his papers publish pictures of Page 3 girls and intrude on people's privacy. He probably loathes schlock TV and the soft-porn movies broadcast on his satellite channels. But he can't help himself: it's just business. If the public want it, he will provide it. It's a dirty job and someone's got to do it. In time, when he has accumulated enough power, he will outlaw all such material, becoming the ultimate censor. I suspect the "official" Wapping version of events relating to the Patten book will be that Murdoch is far too grand to have made such a "minor" decision himself. He has nothing to do with what appears in the Sun, on Sky One, or on his publicists' lists. It's a beguiling argument for a second or two. Then reality kicks in. Even if he didn't know a thing about the Patten book, one of his minions did and they were second-guessing the boss. If that was the case, then all Murdoch had to do was call Chris Patten and say: "It's all been a dreadful mistake, Chris. I've fired the idiot who wrote your book. Of course, I want to publish, and be damned to the Chinese."

We await the pictures of Murdoch in sackcloth and ashes with something less than trepidation. Dime thoughts: The Sun halted the Millennium Experience as "dazzling" on Wednesday. Two days earlier, it had been celebrating the project.



more, buying up competitors, penetrating new areas, forging new alliances, investing in new technology, getting bigger and bigger all the time. He knows that men may sleep (though he has personally reduced that to the minimum requirement) but the market is always awake. Once one grasps that fact of economic life, and also that Murdoch's life is dominated by commerce, everything he does falls into place. Whatever one feels about Murdoch, it is sickening to note the carping from

pragmatists, and they are dealing in Murdoch, with the arch-pragmatist. Like Richard Nixon, Murdoch's personal foreign relations adviser in his final years, Murdoch recognises the untapped market that exists in the world's most populous country, and troublesome "rebels" of whatever political persuasion are a sideshow. It isn't that ethics don't matter to Murdoch. The newly anointed Knight of St Gregory prays to his God on

Writers wary of damaging their boss's interests

INSIDE WAPPING/ Stuart Millar on life behind the News International barricades

BEHIND the security gates and high fences of the News International plant at Wapping, east London, there is a joke among staff. On the days when Rupert Murdoch is due to visit, senior executives on his newspaper titles are struck down by an affliction known as FMT: Pre-Murdoch Tension. According to insiders, Murdoch is a constant presence, whether he is on-site or not. But it is during his visits that the extent of control he exercises becomes most apparent. "It was the newspaper equivalent of painting the walls before the Queen visits," one former employee said yesterday. Like many, even those who have left Murdoch's employment, he refused to be named. "You always knew when he was in town," said another. "Everybody acted just that bit more sharply, editors were seen wandering around the newsroom more than usual. There was a general sense of controlled fear."

To many former staff, Murdoch was something of an enigma. Unlike other proprietors, he has a quiet, reserved manner which critics say belie his "megalo-maniacal tendencies". As a result, they complain that they were forced to be constantly wary of damaging their proprietor's interests when writing stories. Even book reviews were forced through a rigorous scrutiny process to ensure Murdoch could not take offence. "If you were the foreign editor running a story about the Far East, then life could be dangerous," said one. "The bottom line for Murdoch is that he is always looking for the main

staffer said. "When other papers are doing stories about Murdoch or Sky or News International, you always have to look for something different to say. You find that you are always defending yourself." But Raymond Snoddy, the Times' media editor, rejected the suggestion that the paper had deliberately avoided the Patten story. "I was looking to do the story yesterday but I found it very difficult to get anything. I couldn't get through to Rupert Murdoch. Chris Patten said he couldn't talk." Former senior executives also complain that dealing with Murdoch was made even more difficult by his unpredictability. "His mood is so changeable and so difficult to read that a wrong word can be dangerous," said one. He tells the story of a dinner in London at which Stephen Milligan, the late Tory MP and former foreign editor of the Sunday Times, welcomed the demise of nuclear weapons at the end of the Cold War. "Rupert hit the table and said he completely disagreed, that we needed nuclear weapons more than ever." Asked by his assembled executives how he had formed this opinion, Murdoch said it came from his "foreign relations adviser". Pressed for the adviser's identity, he revealed: "Richard Nixon."

Gentlemen and players for high stakes

PROFILES/ Key protagonists in the drama sparked by a political memoir

RUPERT MURDOCH
Chairman, NewsCorp

MURDOCH'S antipathy towards the Patten book project became apparent almost from the instant the contract was signed last summer. But matters did not come to a head until January when instructions came from NewsCorp to stop the book.

Referred to in company documents as KRM, he is well-known for his willingness to take a hands-on role. Where a decision clashes with the wider business interests of NewsCorp, the business interests always prevail.

STUART PROFFITT
Former publisher, HarperCollins trade division

UNTIL his resignation this week, Proffitt was the most important publisher of non-fiction work in the country. Aged 36, he was a high flyer, joining the company straight from university in 1983. He was appointed publisher of the company's main books division in 1992. Described as the "last gen-



Eddie Bell, who foresaw a PR disaster, and Anthea Disney, who gave him the vital order

tleman in publishing", he was no stranger to dealing with major politicians. In the face of stiff competition, he brought Margaret Thatcher's memoirs to HarperCollins by joining her in a recital of Victorian verse.

CHRIS PATTEN
Last Hong Kong governor

DESCRIBED variously by the Chinese as a "perfidious whore" and a "drooling idiot", Patten's five-year term in Hong Kong was marked by his protracted struggle with the Beijing regime. Patten had already supplied a taster of his blunt views on China with the Jonathan

Dimbleby book and documentary, *The Last Governor*. Asked to water down some sections of his book, he refused and he has now lodged a writ in the High Court.

EDDIE BELL
Chairman, HarperCollins UK

IN October, after the last in a long series of redundancies, Bell stated: "Last year was my worst in publishing. 1997-8 could well be my best." Insiders predict, however, that the future over Patten book may end the career of one of the greatest survivors in publishing.



The portly, cigar-smoking, SNP-supporting Bell was placed in a difficult position by Murdoch's opposition to the book. He had approved the decision to bid, and he realised withdrawing from the bid would present a public relations disaster. **ANTHEA DISNEY**
Chairman and chief executive officer, News America Publishing

IT WAS through Disney that Murdoch's instructions to drop the book were communicated. The former New York bureau chief for the Daily Mail was head of the American-based NewsCorp subsidiary which owned HarperCol-

lins, as well as its magazine and multi-media wings. Appointed by Murdoch after turning his TV Guide into America's highest circulation magazine, she informed Eddie Bell that the decision had been made to relinquish the rights. Disney wields enormous power within the organisation. She served a spell as president of HarperCollins, earning a fearsome reputation by dropping 100 titles in a cost-cutting exercise.

ADRIAN BOURNE
Managing director, HarperCollins trade division

AS Proffitt's immediate superior, Bourne's role was as a messenger, a role which Proffitt described as "deeply lamentable".

Described as "nice and open but less dynamic than Bell", he had been involved in approving and encouraging the bid for the book, but was also responsible for telling Proffitt that it had been dropped.

Parachuted in as managing director four years ago after a 30-year career in publishing, he told Proffitt that he and Bell had taken the decision because "in our view that material as it stands does not match up to the original outline or indeed inspire us from a commercial standpoint."

The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

available all over Europe

4 BRITAIN

Sacking of ill mothers was illegal

Amelia Gentleman

TWO mothers who were sacked because they were too ill to return to work when their maternity leave ended won their test cases at the Court of Appeal yesterday, in a landmark judgment which will have far-reaching implications for thousands of women.

The ruling backed the women's fight to be compensated for unfair dismissal, simultaneously securing their employment rights for all working mothers.

As a result of the judgment, employers will no longer be able to dismiss women who are too unwell to return to work when their maternity leave expires by exploiting a loophole in legislation designed to protect female workers.

Janet Greaves, from Durham, was sacked from her job as a shop assistant at Kwik Save in November 1994 after handing in a sick note at the end of her leave stating that she was suffering from pregnancy-related ill health.

Insurance clerk Heather Cress, from Clacton, Essex, also lost her job in May 1995 when she sent her employers, the Royal London Mutual Insurance Society, a medical certificate confirming that she had severe postnatal depression when she was due to return to work.

Both companies claimed that the women had automatically terminated their contracts by breaching the terms of the Employment Rights Act 1996, because they had not been ready for work on the designated day.

But Lord Woolf, the Master of the Rolls, and two other senior judges overruled an earlier decision by the Employment Appeal Tribunal, and concluded that Parliament had not intended a special tribunal for the purpose of protecting women to permit employers to "take advantage of the temporary illness of a female employee to deny her the statutory right to return to work".

Commenting that it was important to clarify this area of law, he gave Kwik Save and the Royal London Mutual Insurance Society leave to appeal to the House of Lords.

The judges referred the case of Mrs Cress back to an industrial tribunal for the "consequences of her dismissal to be decided".

Mrs Cress, aged 42, was in tears as the decision was announced. She lost her house after being sacked and now lives with her husband and three-year-old son in a mobile home.

"It's been very difficult trying to make ends meet. My husband had to give up his job as a chef to look after me because I was so upset. It has been a battle," she said.

Mrs Greaves, aged 36, added: "I am absolutely delighted that I have won my case, but I am disappointed that we have to get a further ruling to get the law decided."

Their victory was welcomed by the unions which have backed them.

Linda Soham, of the MSF, the union supporting Mrs Cress, cited a DSS report published in 1993 which found that about 25,000 women each year cannot return to work on the agreed date because they are sick. "This is a great result for working women with children," she added.

TUC general secretary John Monaghan said: "The victory has great significance for all women workers who are treated unfairly when they become pregnant."

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Sinn Fein outrage as Belfast killing conviction is declared unsafe □ Both sides warned by Mowlam

Murder retrial granted to Clegg

John Mulvaney and Martin Wainwright

PARATROOPER Lee Clegg will be given a new trial for the murder of a 17-year-old girl, after the Court of Appeal in Northern Ireland yesterday ruled that new evidence had made his conviction unsafe.

Clegg, aged 30, was said to be delighted. Five years ago he was jailed for life for the murder of Karen Reilly, aged 18, who was shot dead while joyriding in a stolen car in west Belfast in September 1990. Clegg was then a private in the 3rd Battalion, the Parachute Regiment.

He was released on licence after serving two years, a decision that provoked riots in nationalist areas, and was welcomed back to 3 Para. He is a physical training instructor at Catterick in Yorkshire, and has been promoted to lance-corporal. Last night he welcomed the retrial "where the claim of my innocence can be heard".

Gerry Adams, Sinn Fein president, called the court's decision outrageous. "Many people will be very angry. The system is once again protecting its own, and showing that British soldiers can do what they like and get away with it," he said.

The appeal court in Belfast and the House of Lords had rejected previous applications to quash the guilty verdict. In January last year Sir Patrick Mayhew, then Northern Ireland Secretary, referred the case back to the appeal court after Clegg's lawyers forwarded new testimony from ballistics experts.

The driver of the Vauxhall Astra, Martin Peake, aged 17, was also killed. No bullet was found in his body, and so police were unable to say which soldier on patrol had fired the fatal shot. He and the girl were Catholics.

No one was charged with Peake's murder, but Clegg received a four-year sentence for attempting to wound with intent to cause grievous bodily harm. Another soldier, Barry Aindow, was jailed for seven years for attempted murder. He was freed soon afterwards.

In the incident, just before midnight, soldiers fired 36 shots, hitting the car 19 times. A hearing in November was told that forensic scientists found seven bullet holes in the Astra's rear.

The case revolves around the one bullet which was recovered from Ms Reilly, who was hit three times. It was fired by Clegg and was the fatal shot. While the defence says it was fired into the rear-passenger door, the prosecution says Clegg fired into the Astra from behind.

A bullet fired into the side could be justified on the grounds of either self-defence or protection of colleagues, one in the rear came when the danger was over and lays Clegg open to a murder charge.

The testimony that the three appeal judges heard over 13 days was over this question: did the new evidence was "capable of belief" and should be put before a jury.

The judges also said Clegg's evidence at his trial about his four shots was incorrect. He claimed he fired three times at the windscreen of the car coming car, and once into the front wing.

No shot struck the windscreen from outside, and the new expert witness contradicted Clegg in saying the bullet in the wing was the first or second he had discharged.

The judges recalled that Clegg backed up Aindow when he claimed he had fired a shot in the car, knocking him off-balance. Aindow was found to have participated in an attempted cover-up, with

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Lance corporal Lee Clegg at a Leeds press conference yesterday, where he said he was glad of a retrial 'where the claim of my innocence can be heard'.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN GILES

May poll 'remains priority' in peace process

Michael White Political Editor

MO MOWLAM last night warned both sides in the Northern Ireland peace process that the Government remained committed to a North-South referendum in May, despite each side's efforts to have the other excluded from the talks.

The Northern Ireland Secretary delivered her warning as the Ulster Unionist leader, David Trimble, emerged after talks with Tony Blair and his Irish counterpart, Bertie Ahern, to warn that March 9 was too soon to readmit Sinn Féin to the process. In view of IRA involvement in two killings this month.

"People want that referendum — the chance for their voices to be heard," she said in Birmingham. "Our commitment to holding it in May comes from our confidence that we can get an agreement. But of course only the parties can deliver an agreement."

In the high-wire act by London and Dublin to keep the talks on schedule for a settlement by Easter, there are rumours that Mr Blair may again meet Sinn Féin leaders as early as March 10.

Mr Trimble made no threat to walk out if Sinn Féin rejoins the process on March 9 but hinted at unspecified actions. "Should they return prematurely, we will find a way of making sure they do not dominate or control the process," he told reporters. "We will do some things, but you will have to wait till March 9... We are not going to talk about it before."

Mr Ahern, who was in London after meeting Mr Blair on Thursday, said they had identified 10 areas to consider with the parties. "We can identify the areas we have difficulties with. We have a huge amount of work to do, and we need to get on with it."

"At this stage we should try to carry the parties with us... There are substantial areas of agreement."

French warn fans and ticket touts

John Duncan Sports Correspondent

ENGLAND fans buying tickets for this summer's World Cup on the black market in France will be arrested and fined under French anti-touting laws, Georges Querrey, the French policeman in charge of the World Cup, said yesterday.

"It is illegal to sell but also to buy," said Mr Querrey.

The news came as 100 delegates from 28 countries met in Blackburn yesterday for an international seminar on the policing of football, organised to coincide with preparations for the World Cup, and hosted by the Home Secretary, Jack Straw.

There is widespread concern that the large number of tickets in the hands of French citizens — 60 per cent of the capacity of the three England

games — and the small number of tickets allocated to competing nations — about 7 per cent each — is a recipe for a flourishing black market in tickets this summer.

The British authorities are concerned that large numbers of fans will travel without tickets, and the Government yesterday committed itself to spending £1 million touting supporters without tickets not to travel to France.

Mr Straw announced the reopening of the National Criminal Intelligence Service's Hooligan Hotline for fans to report information on organised hooligan activity. He also outlined negotiations with the French to assist them arrest, charge and convict British hooligans. The British police will supply hooligan spotters and photographers to gather evidence which will be made available to French courts.

Relatives and Libya hail ruling

Ian Black Diplomatic Editor

BITAIN and the United States suffered a setback over the Lockerbie bombing yesterday when the World Court in The Hague ruled that it had the right to decide where two Libyan suspects should be tried.

In a decision that was hailed as a victory by British relatives of the 270 people who died, the International Court of Justice — said it did have jurisdiction to hear Libya's complaint against both governments.

Colonel Gadhafi's regime contends that the Montreal Convention on civil aviation gives it the right to try the suspects — who it insists are innocent — London and Washington want the men — said to be Libyan intelligence officers — tried in Scotland or the US, and have resisted demands that the case be heard in a neutral venue.

Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, called yesterday's decision "neither a victory nor a defeat". But Britain clearly would have preferred the court to throw out the Libyan application. The Foreign Office said it would be "speculative" to comment further.

Libya hailed the ruling. But the decision does not in itself settle the judicial deadlock over a trial venue. US diplomats said they were disappointed but not surprised.

Jim Swire, chairman of UK Families Flight 103, who lost his daughter in the disaster on December 23, 1988, was elated. "To hear a learned

court of this sort look at something so objectively and independently of the relative power of the two sides represented is really very refreshing," he said.

But American relatives disagreed: "It's a terrible ruling and in the end it's not going to amount to anything," said Dan Cohen of New Jersey, whose daughter died in the bombing. "It hands the Libyans an enormous propaganda victory. They can say 'we're in the end the winners, the Americans are the bullies'."

"The bombing was an attack on America and it should have been handled by the United States unilaterally," Mr Cohen added. "Now we're in what is going to be an endless morass, which puts any hope of justice further away than ever."

Despite hopes for progress as the 10th anniversary of the incident approaches, little movement is in sight. Relatives of British victims are to meet Mr Cook next week and there are also plans for them to see Tony Blair. The issue attracted attention when the South African president, Nelson Mandela, visited Libya and, at last October's Commonwealth summit, called for a neutral trial.

Libya also asked the court to lift UN Security Council sanctions aimed at forcing the suspects' extradition. The court will now focus on that issue in deliberations that could drag out for years.

Next week Britain will urge the council to routinely extend the sanctions, arguing that UN legal experts have determined that there could be a fair trial in Scotland.

Man shot by police 'was drunk'

Duncan Campbell Crime Correspondent

THE man shot dead by police in Bedford on Thursday night was not a burglar as first suspected but the householder who had apparently broken into his own flat when drunk. It emerged last night. A neighbour had called the police believing the man, who later pointed a replica weapon at police, to be a burglar.

Police were called to Clarendon Street when a man was seen apparently breaking into a house at about 6.30 pm. The unarmed officers saw the man with what appeared to be a weapon and called for

armed support. The area was cordoned off and evacuated. The man, named last night as Michael James Fitzgerald, 32, then appeared at a window brandishing the weapon and received the standard police warning to drop his weapon as armed officers were present. Negotiations over a period of time were carried out by telephone.

Mr Fitzgerald then leant out of a first floor window and pointed what is now believed to be a replica Colt 45 self-loading pistol at one of the armed officers. A decision was taken to fire and he was hit in the chest and died from his wounds.

After a search, it transpired that Mr Fitzgerald, who was

unemployed, lived in the house. The replica weapon, which is impossible to tell apart from the genuine article except at close quarters, was found nearby. An inquest will be held.

The assistant chief constable of Bedfordshire, Anthony Howlett-Bolton, said that it was the first time police had ever fired a shot in the county. The officer concerned had been taken off operational firearms duties as was standard in such cases. He had not been suspended.

The Police Complaints Authority is now supervising an inquiry under the authority member, Molly Meacher, who went to the scene on the night of the incident. The investigation will be carried out by the Thames Valley assistant chief constable, Robert Davies.

The authority is carrying out two other investigations into police use of firearms. The first is into the recent fatal shooting of James Ashley in Hastings; the other the wounding of a woman in east London.

Gun owners had until midnight last night to surrender small-calibre handguns in the final handover following the change in the law in the wake of the Dunblane massacre.

The Home Office Minister, Alan Michael, said: "The deadline completes the Government's drive to take all handguns out of general civilian circulation."

Journalist's 'suicide' in Chile hotel was staged

Geoffrey Gibbs and Richard Norton-Taylor

A BRITISH journalist found hanging in a hotel room in Chile eight years ago was unlawfully killed, a resumed inquest in Exmouth in Devon concluded yesterday.

Tony Moyle, father of the journalist, fought a long campaign to overturn the claim by Chilean police that the death was suicide. Last night he paid tribute to the courage of Chilean investigating judges in helping secure the inquest verdict.

The body of Jonathan Moyle, aged 28, editor of the magazine *Defence Helicopter World*, was discovered partly naked in the wardrobe of room 1406 of the Hotel Carrera in Santiago, the Chilean capital, on March 31, 1990.

A former RAF helicopter pilot, he is believed to have had links with British intelligence. He was in Santiago for a Chilean air force exhibition, and was seen by a Chilean firm, Industrias Cardoen, planned to convert American civilian helicopters into gunships for sale to Iraq (Kuwait was invaded the following year). He was also inquisitive about the Chilean-designed missile guidance system, and that Iraq wanted a Chilean version of a mine made by GEC-Marconi. Evidence that Cardoen was in fact supplying weapons emerged much later, during the Matrix Churchill arms-to-Iraq trial.

"He asked people some very probing questions," said Mr Moyle of his son. "He was making himself a nuisance and was seen as a threat."

The journalist was found hanging by his shirt with a pillow case over his head. A needle mark on his leg suggested he had been sedated. Drugs were found in his stomach.

The chambermaid who found the body told police she had seen blood on the bed sheets. However, the Chilean police decided it had been suicide. Later, claims were put about that Mr Moyle died in a bizarre sex game that went wrong. This allegation was spread by officials in the Foreign Office, which later apologised to the family.

The family never believed the suicide claim. He had been in high spirits at the time, they said, and was about to get married.

A forthcoming book, the *Valkyrie Operation*, alleges the killing was organised by Cardoen's head of public relations, Raul Montecinos, who had warned Moyle not to pursue his investigations. Montecinos is said to have confessed to a friend in the arms business before he died two years ago. It was reported at the time that Montecinos visited Moyle at the hotel shortly before he died. Following a

screen from outside, and the new expert witness contradicted Clegg in saying the bullet in the wing was the first or second he had discharged.

The judges recalled that Clegg backed up Aindow when he claimed he had fired a shot in the car, knocking him off-balance. Aindow was found to have participated in an attempted cover-up, with

then Opposition leader, Neil Kinnock, captured a 10ft mural in the army canteen. It was of a Vauxhall Astra.

Playing on an advertising slogan of the time, it was belied: Built by robots; driven by joyriders; stopped by a Coy. A dummy, covered in red paint, looted out of the window; and the car was covered with mock bullet holes.

Queen supports bill to give royal daughters equal rights to throne

Luke Harding

THE Government yesterday moved to end one of the last relics of the feudal era by introducing new legislation to give royal daughters equal rights to succeed the throne.

The Home Office Minister, Lord Williams of Mostyn, told peers the Queen had no objection to the proposal, which would ensure royal daughters and sons would be treated in the same way.

The move — which will involve consultation with 15 other Commonwealth countries where the Queen is head of state — follows a backbench bill introduced by Lord Archer.

Ministers now plan to end the 800-year-old tradition of men taking precedence over women within the royal family. A Government bill will be eventually announced.

Lord Archer was yesterday persuaded to drop his private bill, which sought to amend the Act of Settlement of 1701 and kill off the tradition of male primogeniture.

Lord Williams said: "We do not think that, whatever its merits, a private peer's bill is an appropriate vehicle for so important a change as the one we have been debating."

"There can be no real reason for not giving equal treatment to men and women in this respect," Lord Williams

Newspaper of the Year

Guardian wins TV accolade for record sixth time

Owen Bowcott

FOR a second year running, the Guardian has been chosen as Newspaper of the Year in Granada's What The Papers Say Awards.

Alan Rusbridger, the editor, received the award from Peter Mandelson, Minister without Portfolio. "Under the Tories, it was a paper of opposition and since May 1, it's been a thorn in the side of the new government too," the judges said. "But the award centres on one classic piece of journalism — the unravelling of Jonathan Aitken's web of deceit."

"The Guardian faced a potentially ruinous court case, not to mention the prospect of impeachment on Aitken's Sword of Truth."

"But the paper's investigative team was ingenious, their lawyers supportive and the editor held his nerve."

The Guardian has now won the Newspaper of the Year six times, more than any other newspaper.

The Observer's John Sweeney, described as "committed, passionate

and maverick", was named Journalist of the Year for his reporting in Algeria and during the Tatton election. Ruth Picardie was posthumously awarded the Gerald Barry Lifetime Achievement Award for her series in the Observer chronicling the last weeks of her life.

"It shows courage and honesty," the judges' citation declared. "It's the year's most memorable and moving writing."

The Year was presented to Nate Thayer of the Far Eastern Economic Review who witnessed the show trial of the former Cambodian dictator Pol Pot.

Boris Johnson of the Daily Telegraph won Political Commentator of the Year award. Richard Kay of the Daily Mail was named Reporter of the Year for his coverage of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, and because he "refused to file for his papers when invited to her funeral in a private capacity."

John Diamond of the Times was Columnist of the Year and David Aaronovitch of the Independent On Sunday received the Peter Black Award for writing about broadcasting.

Last tsar 'will get state funeral'

Boris Yeltsin has caused a rift by defying clergy who believe the royal bones have not been authenticated, writes Tom Whitehouse in Moscow



The remains of the royal family and a servant lie in Yekaterinburg. The Tsar's skull is second left, front

ATTEMPTING a gesture of national reconciliation, the Russian government said yesterday it would bury the remains of Tsar Nicholas II and his family, overruling objections from the Orthodox Church and Communist opposition.

But the commitment to a state funeral for the last Russian royal, killed by Bolsheviks in 1918 and exhumed from a Siberian bog seven years ago, is provoking renewed division. "There will be no other decision except this one," declared the deputy prime minister, Boris Nemtsov. But only hours before, the Church had reiterated that an official funeral would not take place with its blessing.

The ceremony is scheduled for July 17 — the 80th anniversary of the killings — in St Petersburg's Peter and Paul Fortress, where tsars since Peter the Great are buried.

Since 1991 the Romanovs' remains have lain in a forensic morgue in Yekaterinburg, the city where the family spent its last months.

The debate about the authenticity of the remains and what should be done with them has resounded throughout Russia.

Last month a committee appointed by President Boris Yeltsin recommended a belated state funeral as a grand gesture of national repentance for the murder during the civil war. But the Church, under pressure from exiled Russian monarchists who regard the bones as a KGB fabrication, have suggested that they should be given a temporary resting place until their authenticity can be fully established.

Exhaustive tests in Russia, the United States and Britain,

using DNA samples from living relatives of the Romanovs, including the Duke of Edinburgh, have all shown that the bones are genuine. The Church would be deeply divided if it's hierarchy accepted this conclusion, because many believers stick by the first account of the Romanov murder, given by a royalist general in 1922, that the bodies had been completely destroyed by acid and fire.

Metropolitan Yuvensky, who represented the Patriarch at yesterday's government meeting, said that because the Church was considering sanctifying Nicholas II and his family it had to be absolutely sure the bones were authentic.

"Otherwise it could mean we worship false remains, which is inadmissible," he said, adding that the Church would consider the burial

Yeltsin hails middle class

BORIS YELTSIN yesterday backed Russia's incipient middle class as the main dynamo for economic recovery and urged other citizens to follow their example, writes Tom Whitehouse in Moscow.

"Our hope is with these competent, independent Russians on whom the country's growth depends," he said in a radio address.

He blamed his government for obstructing small-scale enterprise and urged a simpler tax system. Many Russians are forced to deal on the black market to make ends meet. Their activity accounts for 30 per cent of national income.

temporary until its doubts were dismissed.

Communists have also expressed doubts about the bones' authenticity. They fear a state burial could become an apology not just for the murder but for the whole revolution. A funeral for the tsar could prefigure the burial of their own icon, Lenin, whose mummified body remains in its Red Square mausoleum.

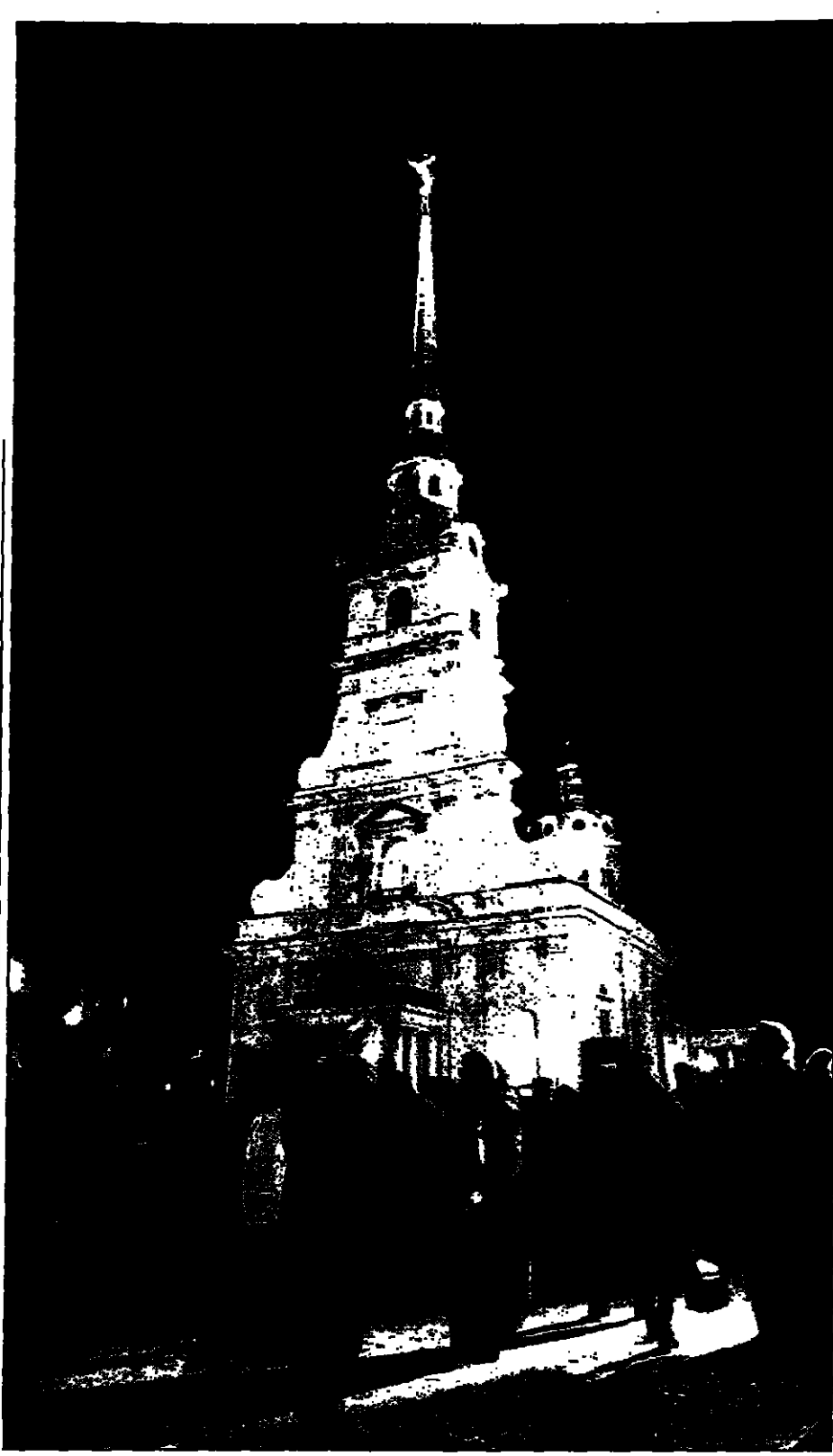
The debate will now focus on the nature of the burial service. With only limited participation by the clergy, to whom the bones are officially anonymous, it risks resembling the secular Soviet-era funerals of party leaders, but this time in one of Orthodoxy's most hallowed shrines.

The Romanovs' descendants, most of whom live outside Russia, will be pulled in two directions: to accept an implicit state apology or declare solidarity with the Church, which Nicholas II led until his abdication in 1917.

In a further indication of confusion in post-Soviet iconography, the mayor of Moscow, Yuri Luzhkov, announced yesterday he would finance a museum dedicated to Mikhail Kalashnikov, the designer of the Kalashnikov rifle, the trusted weapon of terrorists and "freedom fighters" throughout the world.

Kalashnikov is perhaps the only Soviet brand name comparable to Coca-Cola. Since it was designed in 1947, 75 million have been made.

While Mr Luzhkov's pick'n'mix approach to Russian history — he used tsarist symbols during last year's lavish celebrations of Moscow's 850th anniversary — has proved popular with Muscovites, the Church and Communist Party remain understandably pedantic.



St Peterburg's Peter and Paul Cathedral where the remains of Nicholas II will be given a state funeral on July 17 — 80 years after his murder

World news in brief

Olympic bomb linked to clinic attacks

US FEDERAL authorities have found evidence linking the fatal bombing at the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta to bomb attacks at abortion clinics in the city in January 1997 and in Birmingham, Alabama, last month, according to law enforcement officials.

Investigators have come to the conclusion that small steel plates built into the Olympic bomb, apparently designed to force the blast in one direction, match metal plates in two bombs planted at an abortion clinic in an Atlanta suburb. They have discovered that the plates were cut from steel found at a metalworking plant in North Carolina which employed a friend of Eric Robert Rudolph, who is wanted for the Birmingham bombing, in which an off-duty police officer died. The FBI is stepping up the search for Mr Rudolph. — *New York Times News Service, Washington.*

African takes Neustadt Prize

NURUDDIN FARAH of Somalia has been awarded the Neustadt International Prize for Literature for 1998, widely considered the most prestigious international literary prize after the Nobel.

The \$40,000 prize is conferred every two years by the University of Oklahoma and its international journal, *World Literature Today*. Previous winners include Gabriel Garcia Marquez (1972), Elizabeth Bishop (1976), Czeslaw Milosz (1978) and Octavio Paz (1982). Farah, whose novels are written in English, is the first African to win the Neustadt Prize in its 27-year history. — *New York Times.*

Swiss accept Israeli apology

THE Swiss foreign minister, Flavio Cotti, gave a muted welcome yesterday to Israel's apology for its bungled spying operation in Bern, but said he would decide later whether to go ahead with a planned visit to the country. His spokesman, Franz Egle, said the incident remained "a serious and unacceptable violation of Swiss sovereignty".

Seeking to calm a diplomatic storm, the director of Israel's foreign ministry, Eitan Ben-Tsur, wrote that his government regretted any complications caused by the attempt to bug a suspected Islamic militant in an apartment building in Bern. He hoped good relations between the two countries would continue. — *AP, Bern.*

Drug lord goes for top spot

AN EMERGING kingpin in Mexico's biggest cocaine cartel is trying to forge alliances with rival drug lords and become "godfather" of the Mexican drugs trade, according to United States officials.

Rafael Munoz Talavera is said to be trying to take over from the late cocaine capo Amado Carrillo Fuentes, who died in mysterious circumstances after a botched plastic surgery operation last July. Carrillo was head of the so-called Juarez drug cartel which controls narcotics smuggling through the Mexican border city of Ciudad Juarez into Texas. — *Reuters, Mexico City.*

Jail blood sport

A UNITED STATES grand jury has accused eight guards at a state prison in California of setting inmates against each other in deadly gladiator-style fights for their amusement.

"These defendants used their authority to sponsor blood sport," said Paul Seave, a US attorney. He said the indictment of the eight followed a three-year investigation. — *AP, Sacramento.*

Afghan floods kill 30

HEAVY rains have caused flooding in large areas of south-west Afghanistan in the past week, killing at least 30 people, according to United Nations and Afghan sources in Pakistan.

The floods, the worst since 1980, have affected the provinces of Kandahar, Helmand, Zabul, Uruzgan and Nimroz, according to a UN official, Sarah Russell. She said at least 300 injured people were in hospital in Kandahar province. — *Reuters, Islamabad.*

Schröder fights state poll with an eye on Kohl's job

Ian Traynor in Berlin

THE north German state of Lower Saxony goes to the polls tomorrow in an election that will have a big influence on whether Chancellor Helmut Kohl remains in power after September. Gerhard Schröder, the Social Democratic prime minister of Lower Saxony, looks certain to win a third term tomorrow. And, within 24 hours of victory, his sights are likely to be trained on the bigger prize: the chancellorship in the general election on September 27.

The result he achieves tomorrow will help determine whether he beats Oskar Lafontaine, leader of the Social Democrats, in the contest to be the opposition's candidate for chancellor.

Mr Schröder won 44.3 per cent of the vote in Lower Saxony last time and has a single-seat majority in the state parliament.

After months of manoeuvring and speculation, the Social Democratic Party's executive is to name its candidate on Monday.

Mr Schröder, Germany's most popular politician according to opinion polls, will have an irresistible case if his share of the vote holds up.



SPD rivals Oskar Lafontaine (left) and Gerhard Schröder, both seeking the chance to become Germany's chancellor

Mr Lafontaine, itching for revenge against Mr Kohl, who beat him in the German unification election of 1990, would then have to give up his dream of leading Germany. But he would remain a powerful figure, retaining the party presidency and, with it, control of the party apparatus, which distrusts the pragmatic Mr Schröder.

"A very good result in Lower Saxony would be difficult to ignore," Mr Schröder said this week. He believes a

strong show will generate his "own logic" and propel him into the chancellorship fight.

He has been arguing for a quick decision to quell the speculation after tomorrow's vote. Mr Lafontaine wanted to wait another two weeks. The fact that the decision will be made on Monday is thought to favour Mr Schröder.

Almost 6 million voters in Lower Saxony may therefore return him as their prime minister tomorrow only to see him disappear to Bonn.

Fearing a Schröder challenge for the chancellorship, Mr Kohl has campaigned harder in Lower Saxony than for any other state poll in recent years.

"Don't let yourselves be fooled by snappy public relations," he told a rally in Osnabrück, referring to Mr Schröder's telegenic appeal. "Anyone can buy good PR, but you can't buy character."

Mr Schröder has been damning Mr Kohl with faint praise, suggesting that he has been a capable chancellor but that, after 16 years, he should bow out.

Mr Schröder, aged 53 and on his fourth marriage, is seven months younger than Mr Lafontaine, who has been married three times.

He says he is his party's only credible vote winner. But he has promised to abandon his ambitions to be chancellor if he drops more than 2 per cent on his 1994 showing.

Paradoxically, he could lead or slightly improve his role while losing his majority in the state parliament. In 1994, the liberal Free Democrats failed to get the 5 per cent of votes needed to enter parliament. If they get in tomorrow, Mr Schröder or his successor will need to forge a coalition with the Greens.

Archbishop 'guilty of gay abuse'

Kate Connolly in Vienna

IN AN unprecedented move, Austria's top bishops released a statement yesterday saying they believed the long-standing allegations of homosexuality against Vienna's former archbishop, Hans Hermann Gröber, were "essentially correct".

The affair concerning the 78-year-old cardinal has rocked the solidly Catholic state for almost three years, state for almost three years, state for almost three years. On Monday a "holy mission" to investigate.

In 1996 Cardinal Gröber was

forced to give up his archbishopric when he was accused of having abused a student more than 20 years previously. No formal investigation took place, and many Catholics left the Church in protest.

When fresh allegations surfaced this year Cardinal Gröber went into hiding.

In their 850-word open letter to Austrian Catholics, the bishops said that even if Cardinal Gröber maintained his silence, "we cannot remain silent ourselves if we want to do justice to our duty towards the Church."

The statement was signed by the entire Austrian Catho-

lic hierarchy, headed by Cardinal Christoph Schönborn, the archbishop of Vienna. In a surprisingly forthright tone the bishops added: "We have come to the moral certainty that the accusations levelled at former archbishop Cardinal Hans Hermann Gröber are essentially accurate."

The bishops recognise the need to heal a rift that has prompted priests and bishops to threaten to resign. The Pope is due to visit in June.

"We need to pull together so the Pope can put the Church in our country on the path of renewal," the letter added. The Vatican delegation, visit-

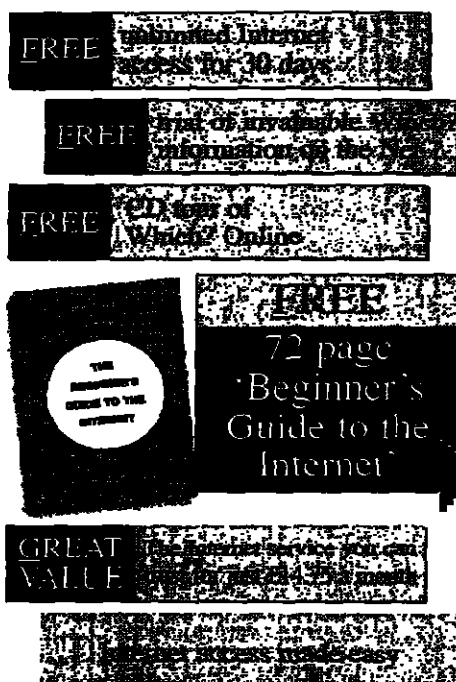
ing in response to a request by Cardinal Schönborn, will question 68 monks at the Goldweitz monastery, including Cardinal Gröber, whose last post was at the monastery. He is expected to co-operate with the mission. In accordance with Church law, he is immune from prosecution.

Twenty former members of the order, many of whom claim to have left because they knew of the sexual abuse, will be called as witnesses. Twelve of them wrote recently that despite their protest resignations, "life in the monastery went on as if nothing had happened."

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Venezuelan beauty queen 'threatened to kill judge'

Miss Universe 1996's dreams of fame have taken a new turn, writes **Jane Knight** in Caracas

IT WAS supposed to be a fairytale come true when the Venezuelan beauty queen Alicia Machado was crowned Miss Universe in 1996. But life has turned sour. Ms Machado, who was chastised for gaining about two stone during her reign, now stands accused of something more serious — threatening to kill a judge who ordered her boyfriend's arrest.

The 21-year-old beauty queen, who hopes to become a soap opera star, has been summoned to testify in court about the alleged death threat. If convicted, she could face up to four years in jail.

"I am tired, because it is not just what is happening to me now... since 1995 I have taken hits and hits. I am very unhappy and sad."

The court case is as convoluted as the soap opera in which she is making her acting debut. She claims she was pulled unwittingly into the

real-life drama when her name was used to draw attention to a feud between two families — the Rodriguez Reggetis and the Sberts.

It began when her boyfriend of eight months, Juan Rodriguez Reggeti, allegedly sought revenge for his sister's suicide by shooting her husband, Francisco Sbert, whom he held responsible, twice in the head at her funeral.

'It is not just what is happening to me now... since 1995 I have taken hits and hits. I am very unhappy and sad.'

Mr Sbert, who was reportedly only grazed by the bullets, later fled to Miami, fearing for his life. His family claim that they saw Ms Machado driving her boyfriend from the scene of the crime.

She has denied even being at the funeral — she says she was ill and had earlier dropped out of television filming.

"I felt very bad. I was on a

strict diet and I felt bad in the stomach," said Ms Machado, who has lost 33lb on the diet.

Her boyfriend denies firing his gun, saying he punched his brother-in-law.

Judge Maximiliano Fuenmayor ordered his arrest. The judge said there wasn't sufficient evidence to charge Ms Machado.

Allegedly angered by the arrest, Ms Machado called the judge. She claims she just wanted to thank him for not proceeding against her.

"She was quite definitely not thanking me — she was threatening me," the judge said.

going to see if we proceed... he is mad."

The saga, which has shocked and enthralled Venezuelans, is one of many scandals involving the beauty queen. Two days after winning the Miss Universe crown, she denied she had a boyfriend, leaving a miffed Juan Vicente Larrovere in Venezuela to tell reporters that he believed they were still going out.

When rumours started to circulate that she was putting on weight and could lose her crown as a result, Ms Machado, who had undergone liposuction before the competition, said her face looked fatter because she had just had her wisdom teeth removed.

But she continued to put on weight and eventually Kellogg dropped her image from boxes of Special K cereal, which carry the slogan "Nothing to hide".

The millionaire Donald Trump, who co-owns the Miss Universe pageant, described Ms Machado as "an eating machine".

She invested in a restaurant in her home town, Maracay, 60 miles from the capital Caracas, then started to film the soap opera, which has now been delayed because of her court appearances.

The drama continues.



Paraguay police capture one of 106 inmates who fled a top-security jail near Asunción. Five people died in Thursday's escape, which the authorities suspect was aided by guards; 97 men are still at large

Bombay blasts kill four on eve of crucial poll

Suzanne Goldenberg in Bombay

THE citadel of India's Hindu nationalists was shaken yesterday by a series of bomb blasts apparently calculated to terrorise voters before the general election polls which, at least for today, put Bombay's mighty rulers at the mercy of the poor and the dispossessed.

Police said all three explosions were caused by crude devices whose capacity to kill was limited — unlike the serial bombings of 1993

'This government believes in the politics of violence'

which gutted Bombay's stock exchange and left more than 200 people dead, and the blasts in Coimbatore earlier this month which killed 50.

It took Bombay months to erase the horrors of the 1993 bombings. Yesterday's blasts, in and around crowded railway stations in the north-western suburbs, brought the horror rushing back. Four people were killed, including one bomber. In the worst attack, one person was killed and 10 injured by a bomb thrown on to a platform.

Even before the explosions, today's vote in Bombay appeared to be heading for a confrontation. After dominating India's economic powerhouse for three years, the Hindu nationalist Bharatiya Janata Party and its regional ally, the Shiv Sena, face a challenge from the most unex-

pected quarters: Dalits (formerly Untouchables), Muslims, and middle-class inhabitants fearing eviction from flats they have lived in for generations.

If the Hindu citadel does tumble, it will be thanks to this unlikely alliance. Although the Congress party has yet to win absolute from all Bombayites for the riots and bombs of 1993, it stands to gain from an understanding with two other parties.

The socialist Samajwadi Party, which has a Muslim following, and the Republican Party of India, which commands Dalit loyalties, are contesting these elections with the Congress against the BJP-Shiv Sena. The alliance is expected to give the Congress its biggest gains from any state. With such high stakes, the tension is extreme.

Yesterday Gurudas Kamat, the Congress candidate in north-east Bombay, won a promise from the election commission that his party agents could ride in the convey that will carry ballot boxes to the counting centres.

Mr Kamat said he feared rigging on behalf of his opponent, Pramod Mahajan, the master-strategist of the BJP and a relative of Maharashtra's deputy chief minister.

"This government and its representatives are capable of anything. They believe in the politics of violence," he said. "I have never seen such misuse of state machinery."

Mr Mahajan, who won by 180,000 votes in 1996, affects unconcern. "We are winning hands down," he said. But Bombay has 2.2 million voters: stock brokers and advertising directors and those who toil unseen at humbler jobs.

Kausalyabai Pathare was one of the invisibles. Each morning she left her home in Ramabai Ambedkar Nagar, an almost exclusively Dalit



Kashmiri separatist supporters throw stones at Indian paramilitary forces yesterday during eve-of-election clashes in Srinagar in northern India

slum, and walked to the smart flats where she washed dishes for 800 rupees (£13) a month.

In July she and 10 others were shot dead by the police after protests in Ramabai Nagar against the desecration of a statue of the Dalit hero and author of India's constitution, B. R. Ambedkar. "It is not something that can ever be forgotten," says her sister-in-law Sumita Pathare. "What is the point of getting angry? We have no power."

Except for today, when Dalits are expected to turn out in force to defeat Mr Mahajan. He did not visit Ramabai Nagar after the killings and has not ventured there during the campaign. "It's a trap laid by the opposition who want to

have a law and order problem and to instigate Dalits in all constituencies," he said.

Another trap awaits the BJP in the bustling markets

'What is the point of getting angry about the killings? We have no power'

of Mohammed Ali Road, the heart of Muslim Bombay. Saeedur Rahman Farooqi, a Muslim judge, considers his options: the BJP, or the Con-

gress, which failed to stop the destruction of the Babri Masjid mosque in 1992.

Mr Farooqi offers his judgment: "It doesn't mean we have forgiven the Congress for the Babri Masjid. It's just a way of defeating the BJP."

Today will bring a hard choice too for Maki Sanjana, aged 75, attending her first tenants' protest rally. Most of Bombay's 16.5 million inhabitants rent their homes.

Bombay is to review all its tenancy laws next month, and Mrs Sanjana fears the Shiv Sena government is too cozy with developers to protect the home where her family has lived since 1941. Thumping her stick, she says: "I will fight this as long as I can."

Cambodian ceasefire called to open way to future elections

Nick Cumming-Bruce in Bangkok

THE Cambodian government run by the second prime minister, Hun Sen, and his ousted co-prime minister, Prince Norodom Ranariddh, jointly called a ceasefire yesterday to end seven months of hostilities and open the way to elections.

The ceasefire marks the first step in a Japanese plan to defuse the crisis, which exploded last July when a coup by Hun Sen drove Prince Ranariddh into exile and ignited fighting with his troops in the northwest of Cambodia.

Under the terms of the ceasefire, effective from midnight yesterday, royalist forces will hold their positions and give details of their strength to the government to facilitate their reintegration into the government army.

The government has emphasised that the ceasefire does not apply to Khmer Rouge forces who are supporting the prince. Royalist commanders must guarantee that their units do not include any Khmer Rouge, and expel those who have been fighting alongside them.

The ceasefire represents "an undeniably positive move", a diplomat in Phnom Penh said. Hun Sen reluctantly accepted the Japanese plan last week after months of international pressure to allow an election in which Prince Ranariddh and other opposition politicians could participate. But analysts describe the plan as a skeleton and see the peace process as still fraught with danger.

Many government troops will be pleased to stand down. The fighting has flared only sporadically but is said to have taken a heavy toll in casualties, mostly from mines. But the two sides have yet to agree a mechanism for monitoring observance of the ceasefire and satisfying Hun Sen's particular concern that royalist forces sever their links with the Khmer Rouge.

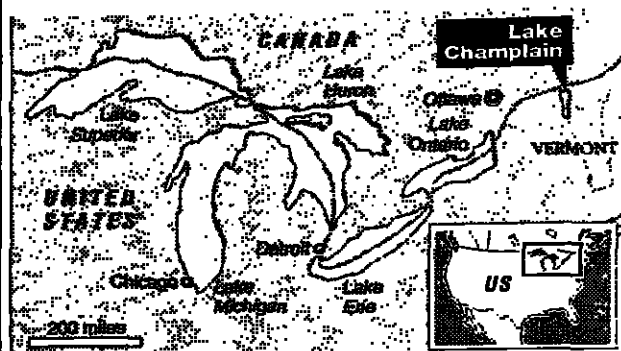
Prince Ranariddh, who fled Cambodia just before the coup, looks set to return around March 27 to meet a legal deadline for registering as a candidate in the election, to be held at the end of July.

Before then, however, Hun Sen is insisting, as a condition for allowing the Prince to come back and contest the poll, that he is put on trial.

The prince faces charges of illegally importing weapons to Cambodia, to be heard in a trial starting on Wednesday, and of colluding with the Khmer Rouge, to be heard in court starting on March 17.

Once convicted — a foregone conclusion in a judicial system tightly run by Hun Sen's political apparatus — Prince Ranariddh must then receive amnesty from King Sihanouk before the election. Analysts in Phnom Penh expect Hun Sen will seek to exploit the trial process to delay the Prince's return.

Prince Ranariddh, based in Bangkok, is seeking international monitors to try to ensure that he does not become "Asia's next Aquino", as he puts it, alluding to the Philippine opposition leader who was murdered when he returned to challenge Ferdinand Marcos as president.



Senator sneaks in a sixth Great Lake

Martin Kettle in Washington

GENERATIONS of schoolchildren have been taught in geography classes that there are five Great Lakes in North America. Now, thanks to some sharp legislative practice by a United States senator, there are six.

To the original famous five — Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario — add the comparatively small and distant Lake Champlain.

It lies on the border of Vermont and New York state. With a surface area of 490 square miles, it is dwarfed by the other five, which total 94,510 square miles.

Moreover, while the big five are interlinked, Lake Champlain drains separately into the St Lawrence downstream from Lake Ontario.

But, through the efforts of Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont, it has recently been classified as one of the Great Lakes in a bill which President Clinton is expected to sign soon.

Earlier this month Mr Leahy persuaded Congress to include it in a law allow-

ing colleges and universities in maritime and Great Lake states to compete for more than \$50 million in research grants to study lake and ocean ecology.

Until now, colleges in landlocked Vermont were ineligible for the funding.

"Vermonters have always considered Lake Champlain as the sixth Great Lake," said the senator, who obtained the endorsement of the US Geological Survey for the change.

"Now, for the first time, it's official."

Mr Leahy's spokesman, David Carle, said Champlain was also the site of a big victory over Britain in the war of independence. "So it's the reason our police don't wear pointed hats and it's why we have cold instead of warm beer."

But congressmen from the Great Lakes region, from both main parties, are determined to reverse the legislation.

And Senator John Glenn of Ohio, co-chairman of the Great Lakes Task Force, said this week: "I know the Great Lakes. I've travelled the Great Lakes. And Lake Champlain is not one of the Great Lakes."

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The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

Emu: enter the qualifiers

Let's stay as spectators

EUROPE'S race to monetary union passed a fresh milestone yesterday when all the 11 declared runners satisfied the entry requirements. Ironically, the three countries that have decided to stay out — the UK, Sweden and Denmark — turned out to have undershot the Maastricht ceiling for budget deficits (3 per cent of GDP) by much wider margins than enthusiasts like France, Germany and Italy. The UK's deficit is only 1.7 per cent. Germany and Italy — thanks to creative accounting and a late spurt of economic growth — came in at 2.7 per cent while France was spot on target at 3.0 per cent.

In a technical sense the eligible 11 have good reason to celebrate. They have driven their economies into the ground to fulfill their Maastricht vows in time for the nuptials. The cost has been a terrifying rise in unemployment. If they had suffered all this and still not qualified it would have been doubly tragic. As it is they have met the criteria when there are signs that Europe's

economy is emerging from the pre-Maastricht ice age. Germany and France, despite Asian turbulence, could grow by 3 per cent this year, something that hasn't happened since the decade.

The bad news is that, even if they succeed, it is unlikely to reduce EU unemployment, now stuck at 19 million. If EMU doesn't give every EU opposition party a scapegoat to blame for everything that goes wrong, the noble aim of a unified Europe will fall unless politicians can relieve the scourge of unemployment. EMU by itself won't be a panacea. A single currency will bring savings in transaction costs (offset by the costs of conversion) and low interest rates will boost business optimism. But a single monetary policy operated by an independent central bank is bound to produce distortions. Different countries will want differing rates of interest at various stages of the business cycle. But if interest rates can't be lowered, say, to suit Spain because Germany and France want them up then Spain will suffer higher unemployment which can't be cured — as it might be in the United States — by labour mobility. Labour isn't that mobile in the EU and if it was, it wouldn't always speak the right language.

Two things need to be done to prevent

economic malfunctions from undermining the political goals of the EU. First, labour markets must be made more flexible so workers can move to where the jobs are and to enable companies to be more confident about employing new recruits. Second, there is a desperate need for new investment to create employment. As the Nobel Prize winner, Franco Modigliani points out, EU unemployment growth since the mid-1970s has coincided with a 53 per cent reduction in the share of GDP going to investment.

Small wonder that EMU is becoming increasingly unpopular among aspirant countries even where they have met the Maastricht criteria. Britain is still well advised to stay on the sidelines. We must ensure that the economy is sufficiently robust to be able to join when the moment is right yet preserve the flexibility to respond to the changed economic environment that EMU will inevitably bring. In these circumstances it is vital to have a much lower budget deficit than we are accustomed to so we can retain the fiscal flexibility to raise or lower taxes during a new era when, in or out of EMU, the Government won't be able to manipulate interest rates. Maybe this is the subtext of Mr Brown's present chess-playing approach. Meanwhile, companies

are already adopting the euro in droves. Any individual in Britain who wants to take out a euro account can do the same. The euro will come to us even if we don't go to it.

The right policy

But who will see it through?

IN YESTERDAY'S Commons debate on women, Harriet Harman said: "We have a Prime Minister, a Chancellor and cabinet all committed to putting the concerns of women at the heart of government." The unspoken question was, how committed are they to her? Once the hounds have a politician firmly by the throat it's hard to save their skin. Once everything they do or say is cause for ribald contempt, a reputation is hard to retrieve. Presentation at the dispatch box or in broadcasting studios has not been Harriet Harman's strong point. But nor is it Peter Mandelson's. However, when it comes to substance not image, the Government's imaginative child care plans stand as a proof of Harman's political progressiveness. Gordon Brown, a bit laddish, not a father, would not have reached the conclusion on his own that child care is the single most effective way of helping

poor communities. Every child care penny paid out is used to employ other people in the community. It is the only way to move significant numbers of the million single mothers on benefit into work.

Harman has played a key role in changing the Treasury view: they now see child care not as an expensive luxury but as an economic miracle-worker in the poorest areas. Education will also be built into the plans to help disadvantaged young children. How much backing does Harman have from within? Oddly, the revelations about the admirable new child care strategy, of which she is a key architect, seems to have rattled the upper echelons. Why? Because they have been welcomed so warmly by Labour's natural supporters. That in itself seems to send a frisson of alarm through the back rooms of Number 10. If Labour supporters like it, must it be too radical? The lion's share of the praise goes to the Chancellor but Harman's hand has helped ensure the money is spent in the most effective ways. Her tragedy is that she has lost credibility with her colleagues. Even her biggest ally, Gordon Brown, was distancing himself last night. Her child care policy is just what the country needs but it will need a more robust minister to steer it through the battles ahead.

Letters to the Editor

Revealed — the drama that led to Separate Tables

CAN I add a footnote to Dan Glatzer's piece (Rattigan and the curious case of the gay major, February 26)? I directed Terence Rattigan's play, *The Browning Version*, at the King's Head Theatre in 1976 — the year before Rattigan died. He told me then that the model for the Major in *Separate Tables* was gay — and that the whole play was fuelled by a true-life incident.

A famous actor — still alive and perhaps reluctant to be named — was found cottaging and tried for the offence. Dame Sybil Thorndike was acting with him at the time and arranged for every abusive letter he received to be sent to her. She personally wrote to all the correspondents — and asked them to extend Christian charity to somebody who was different.

The theatre management

was so worried that there would be a riot when the actor returned to the play that police were positioned round the auditorium. But he received a standing ovation from a forgiving and loving public. This spontaneous compassion moved Rattigan that he wrote his play. It is not quite true for Dan Glatzer to say that when he died in Bermuda, Rattigan was "shunned by the theatrical establishment and embittered by criticism of his work". The reviews of *The Browning Version* received at the King's Head so delighted him that he stuck them into an album. And when, diagnosed with terminal cancer, Rattigan came to see the production, he could be heard singing away in the loo. Stewart Trotter, London.

A memoir on Murdoch

AS YOU say, HarperCollins has an established tradition as publisher of memoirs by Tory politicians — and in America too, where they paid \$4 million for Newt Gingrich's book (Rilling Rupert, February 27). The actual figure paid for Margaret Thatcher's was never disclosed, but it was mired to be between £3 and £5 million.

Trade gossip has it that the price paid for John Major's book was £1 million. HarperCollins has gallantly maintained the tradition of very high advances for political memoirs, although the enthusiasm of other publishers for them cooled a great deal after the fiasco of Ronald Reagan's memoirs in the US in the late 1980s, which cost millions for Simon & Schuster.

The problems arising from uncontrolled cross-media ownership can lead to unfortunate misunderstandings not only on the question of freedom of speech, but it will not become richer than Rupert Murdoch during the Tory years, largely as the result of changes in legislation, lifting of controls, and repeated non-

referral of acquisitions to the Monopolies Commission. HarperCollins paid millions for the memoirs of both Prime Ministers ultimately in charge of those decisions. It would be very hard to justify those prices on the strength of estimated sales figures. A talented young graduate would be happy to ghost-write a lengthy tome for a few thousand pounds. Gordon Dickson, Cheltenham.

THE greatest change for the better that we have seen in western history has been the acceptance of free speech and criticism as an inalienable right.

With his actions in appealing the Chinese government, Rupert Murdoch shows his lack of respect for this and betrays his lack of interest in anything except for the bottom cash line. That such a man can dominate the British media and be supported by this government is very worrying for the future of free speech. Alan Moore, Norwich.

Stealing a march on us

I SUGGEST that the countryside lobby's march through London tomorrow should glance back over the last few decades and note the grubbing-up of hedgerows, the growth of vast East Anglian wheat prairies, the abandonment of crop rotation, the increased use of artificial nitrogenous fertilisers which pollute water supplies, the almost indiscriminate use of pesticides which remain in the food until we eat it, the feeding of animal products to herbivores with the consequent cost in terms of impaired health and untold billions of pounds worth of compensation and clear-up, the continuance of battery farming, the long-distance transport of animals and other unnatural abuses of land and animals.

Then, because we have the nerve to criticise the medieval barbarity of hunting wild animals with dogs, the countryside lobbyists say we towline "do not understand country ways". Damn right, we don't. Geoffrey Pearson, London.

CONTRARY to the claims of the pro-hunting lobby who dominate the Countryside Alliance, there are many people who have lived all their lives in rural areas who oppose their right to continue hunting. This does not turn us into urbanites playing at being country people.

Many of us are concerned about rural poverty, transport, housing and access. I would march for any of these issues, but they have been hijacked by the pro-hunting lobby. It is wonderful to see people galvanised into action, but shocking to see them being hoodwinked by an obsessive single-issue group. Sarah Butler, Tunbridge Wells.

LIVING in the heart of Suffolk as I do I consider myself a country person. Last week I went to the Fakenham Races and was horrified to find it had been turned into a joint rally of the Conservative Party and the Countryside Al-



liance. We were subjected to anti-Government speeches, sweeping statements that those who were not members of this great alliance did not want to enjoy wild flowers, hear sheep bleat, see birds fly. These ludicrous statements received standing ovations. Name and address supplied.

MUCH has been written by urban people with their mistaken perceptions of how we in the countryside should be earning our livings and even spending what recreation time we have. I am a small dairy farmer, milking 50 cows on 74 acres. I am under great pressure from a 30 per cent drop in income because of a huge drop in milk price and the effects of the BSE problem. I and many of my fellow farmers feel very frustrated. Martin Jones, Shropshire.

IT IS ironic to hear farmers complaining about falling incomes caused by the strong pound and the long overdue removal of subsidies. Are these perhaps the same people who enthusiastically supported the operation of the "free market" where the vic-

shoot which use the banks as a dust bath. Theo Hopkins, Dulverton, Somerset.

COULD we not greet our country cousins in the way that some of them welcome us to the country? Barbed wire obstructions across the route of the march, with a few vicious pit bulls nipping at their heels. Brian Wright, London.

I WISH the countryside marchers a pleasant day out in our capital city. But it is important for rural dwellers to acknowledge that their best interests are served by maintenance of a high quality of life in towns and cities, otherwise the haemorrhage out of urban areas will continue.

Some of us choose enthusiastically to live in a city. It offers a combination of facilities, community and anonymity that suits us. Above all, we get a buzz from the diversity of people whom we live amongst. Could country-dwellers find it in them to understand that? Bernice Sarah Ludford, London.

AS AN ignorant and judgemental ex-urbanite I am all in favour of leaving the country to the country folk. No subsidies from towns or cities for agriculture and vehicles; no compensation for infected cattle and radioactive sheep. Adam Wilde, Newlands Valley, Cumbria.

IN exchange for the farmers' freedom from the urban yoke can we have our factory-made combined harvesters, tractors and four-wheel drives back? And our denim jeans, TV sets, CD players, fridges, etc? Tony Ormerod, Southampton, Merseyside.

SO your hare coursing photograph (Coursing cup fuels field sports venom, February 25) shows two dogs "digging" a hare. Funny, it looks to me if they are tearing it limb from limb. Adam Penwarden, Brighton.

Childcare — how to make sure the right people benefit

TWO cheers for the latest announcement that funding will be made available towards childcare (Brown to pour millions into childcare, February 26).

However, don't weep too much for those poor MPs who say they would not have voted against the Government's cuts to lone parents' premium had they known that this was planned. Would it be too cynical to suggest that at the time it wasn't planned? Would it be even more cynical to suggest that the extra cost of servicing and inspection of childcare facilities will fall upon local authorities with no extra funding provision? And we can draw our own conclusions about the freedom of mothers of very young children to choose to stay at home to look after them. Sue Orchard-Doughty, Reading.

I AM particularly concerned with the position of full-time students who are also lone parents. At present they receive the extra £6.05 added to their child benefit, providing they have claimed it and are entitled to it.

What will their situation be in the future. They are undoubtedly among the poorest category in our society. Maggie Pearce, Bradford, W Yorkshire.

DISAGREE with Mary Campbell (Letters, February 26). Taxing child benefit is not the best way to help the poor. Why should mothers in work be singled out for redistributing work from the better off? Child benefit is already low enough, and if we start taxing it, it undermines its universal popularity and its value.

Child benefit and before it, the family allowance, have always been the mechanism by which the whole of society contributes to the cost of raising the next generation; whether we like it or not, they will be looking after us in our old age. What's wrong with the old-fashioned

notion of redistributing wealth via income tax? Jenny Rathbone, London.

THE discussion about paying for an increase in child benefit is too narrowly framed. It is not a question of whether it should be taxed as mother's income or father's income.

Why should additional money for children be taken only from other parents? Redistribution (dare I use the word?) between all high earners and low earners is needed. After all, the two-earner couple with no children can surely afford to contribute more than the couple with children. Fifty years ago Eleanor Rathbone argued that all children as future citizens and workers had claims on the state irrespective of their parents' circumstances.

I am willing to pay more income tax to pay for higher child benefit and better social services rather than see child benefit taxed. Hilary Land, Professor of Family Policy, Bristol University.

In short ...

PETER Hetherington writes (Time Off, February 26): "We all know the A1 leads to Scotland ... I always thought it led to England. Thank you for relieving me of such a parochial outlook. Iain Gardner, Edinburgh."

ASSUME the latest outbreak of Archeritis on the Letters page (February 27) is another of the adverse effects of El Niño? Dr J R Langan, Leeds.

We do not publish letters where an e-mail address is supplied; please include a full postal address. We may edit letters: shorter ones are more likely to appear. We regret we cannot acknowledge those not used. The Country Diary can be found on Page 17.

Communication breakdown

Martin Woolacott



IT IS surely ominous that the Paris Metro is to be wired so that passengers can use their portable phones. Soon it will not be possible to shelter from the blizzard of public and private messages even if you are in a hole in the ground.

There is something obsessive about the effort to ensure that there should be no place where modern communications are at a disadvantage, nowhere any longer remote or isolated. Being "cut-off" is heresy in the age of instantaneity. The beeping and the babble are the sounds of our

times. It is ironic that the Finns, a nation noted for their extreme taciturnity, should be the world leaders in portable phones. What happens when the portable phone enters the scene is that the difference between the public and private is blurred in several ways. People hooked up to their own private connections are no longer walking in the street, wandering in the park, or driving along the road in the way that others are. The speaker is not with us, nor we with him. The momentary community of those in the same place or situation is shattered by these connections, which place some persons in two places at the same time and time in which there is a respite from the continual sending and receiving of messages, already under siege, shrinks even further.

How different a scene this is from the anxious drinkers around the radio in a second world war pub, or the squashed group of family and friends on the sofa in front of early television soccer, or the

crackly phone call, once a year, from Britain to Australia. Then we were in a world of far fewer messages, most of them communally rather than individually experienced. Yet there is a contradictory effect: we may be irritated by being forced to listen to private messages, but the experience adds to the notion that we have a right to listen to any private message when it is sufficiently interesting or dramatic. Andy Warhol said the telephone was "the most intimate and exclusive of all media", but that was before the portable. Life, then, is indeed a passing show. When a dying climber phones his wife from the top of Mount Everest, or a prince talks to his mistress, people expect to learn about at least certain portions of the conversation. When the Mir space station threatens to spin out of control, people think they should be able to watch and listen, live for preference.

The newness of the message-dominated society, can, it is true, be overdone. Contemporary fussed with the changes brought about by the penny post, the illustrated

press, and the telephone, just as they did later with radio, film, and television, and just as we are doing with our "information revolution". Anthony Trollope, a man whose day job as a manager of the new Post Office was to oversee an earlier transformation in communications, once chided a country postmistress who persistently neglected sending on the missives entrusted to her. "Oh letters!" she replied. "Drat them for letters! I wish there were no such things!" Sir Edward Grey, foreign secretary when the first world war broke out, believed that the "Penny Post had already begun to make a change adverse to reading by consuming a vast amount of time in correspondence that was unnecessary, trivial, or irksome". But he kept his strongest ire for the telephone: "The telephone is a deadly disadvantage; it mingles time into fragments, and frays the public and private that makes people feel that the private lives and messages of others are their property as entertainment. Kierkegaard

defined the phenomenon succinctly when he wrote that "this gallery ... is on the lookout for distraction and soon abandons itself to the idea that everything that anyone does is done in order to give it, the public, something to gossip about".

The novel characteristics of the information revolution are said to be the merging of different forms of message-sending through the union of the computer, telephone and television, the sheer volume of messages zooming about, and their extreme differentiation. Bill Gates is a less popular figure than he used to be because Microsoft has been cavalier with its competitors, with government and courts trying to ensure fair competition. But it may also be that Gates is suffering from the reactions of a public beginning to weary of the sheer number of messages and of their mind-battering diversity. One figure quoted is of 1,600 images per minute per channel on American television in the late eighties, and so this you can add radio at 100 words a minute, newspapers at 150,000 words a day,

and advertising messages at 1,600 a day, as well as the growing number of personal messages. The web has the potential for adding hundreds of thousands more.

EVEN the delays of the Internet will soon be a thing of the past. The recent announcement that big computer firms, including Microsoft, are joining with US telephone companies to provide a system that will hugely speed up data delivery suggest we will not be able to enjoy that imperfection much longer. Early thinkers on the mass media warned that governments or corporations would dominate public opinion directly, which of course they do, and it is an idea unpredictably this way and that, into which ordinary people shout their own little tales. If there is a dominant

"message of messages" it is of the unavoidably fragmentary, fractured, and confused nature of communication.

If this serves a political end it may be that of those who, clear in their purposes, derive benefit from the confusion of others. Media businessmen are now using the telephone in their arguments for deregulation, saying that now the potential number of informational signals, in television, radio, and on the Internet, is so huge that they are "like" personal phone messages. Since democratic states would not dream of censoring or regulating talk on the phone, so the line goes, so they should not dream of interfering with these essentially similar messages along the wires or in the ether.

The capacity of people to adapt new technology to their needs, to be the same sort of people living the same sort of lives in spite of new technical means, is considerable. Yet that is harder than it used to be when the sending and receiving was on a smaller scale. More may not mean worse, but it does mean more.

The press of messages squeezes the time available for those messages from the past that come from reading, as Sir Edward was already pointing out nearly a century ago. Media squeezing out media. And it also squeezes the time in which we receive and deliver messages face to face, as against the time in which the media shape our existence.

Mark Twain put his witty finger on the difference between face-to-face encounters and modern messages in his story of being on the point of admonishing a pugnacious acquaintance who he felt had misunderstood a work of art. "I came near to bursting out and saying he had no more appreciation of it than a jackass — in fact, I had it right on my tongue but did not say it. Knowing there was no hurry and I could say it just as well some other time, over the telephone." The telephone, like other media, distances us from the reality of other people. Perhaps it is of some comfort that one of its aspects, if correctly handled, is a certain immunity from being punched in the face.

Saturday opinion

Chinese whispers

Mark Lawson



ONE of the minor pleasures of reading about public names is to discover the private names by which they are known to their associates. Princess Diana was known in the family as "Duch". Ronald Reagan called Nancy "Mommy". And Rupert Murdoch — we learn in astonishing documents leaked this week — is known to those who work for him as KRM, the initials of the man baptised Keith Rupert Murdoch. The story of the week has been the final emergence of the truth about the anti-democratic practices of Citizen KRM.

Internal memos from Murdoch's publishing company HarperCollins — published yesterday in the Daily Telegraph — reveal that KRM sought first to modify and then to drop the memoirs of the former Hong Kong governor, Chris Patten, for which the publisher had paid around £125,000. KRM feared that Patten's criticisms of the Beijing regime would prevent Murdoch's expansion into China. Patten's editor, Stuart Proffitt, resigned, and the book has been placed elsewhere.

Murdoch has been caught fudging a gag before. In 1994, the tycoon removed BBC programmes from his Hong Kong-based Star satellite channels, apparently to appease the Chinese government. And former Murdoch employee Andrew Neil suggests in his memoirs that he was removed as Sunday Times editor in order to appease the government of Singapore, a Murdoch interest the paper had offended. All of this, however, was supposition. Now KRM has been caught in his own books. In Margaret Thatcher's The Downing Street Years, the tycoon, though crucial to her political success, is not mentioned once. In the index to the forthcoming Major memoirs, there's more chance of Murdoch, Iris turning up than Murdoch, Rupert. The book deals start to look strangely like gag deals.

Chris Patten, the senior politician in Hong Kong at the time of Murdoch's Star satellite machinations — might have interesting inside information on those events. Murdoch might have assumed that a six-figure cheque from HarperCollins would buy tact or even silence on these matters in the manuscript. And if not, he paid all these guys at HarperCollins called editors: well, let them edit.

But Murdoch's way of bringing politicians to book didn't work this time because KRM finally came across two men — Patten and Proffitt — who wouldn't play by his Australian-American rules.

In a previous industry crisis over freedom of speech — the Salman Rushdie affair — publishers formed a consortium to bring out the paperback of The Satanic Verses. Now the British book houses should get together again to ensure that they can outbid HarperCollins for the future Blair memoirs contract.

New Labour's tactical tolerance of Murdoch — in exchange for editorial support here and Dome sponsorship there — is beginning to look like one of the scandals of the administration. It would be good to think that, when Mr Blair finally comes to publish High Moral Tone: My Life in Politics, he will be free to describe his fascinating relationship with KRM.

Both Chris Patten and Stuart Proffitt have an interest in history and they have now served, inadvertently, to illuminate an infuriating absence in the record of Britain in the late 20th century: the anti-democratic way in which Rupert Murdoch operates. His enemies have finally found the smoking memo.

empire protects individual elements from meddling. Although he has little else in common with God, Murdoch is everywhere.

The Patten case also explains what had previously seemed a rare lapse of business judgment from Murdoch. HarperCollins routinely paid outlandish sums for books by right-wing politicians: Margaret Thatcher, John Major, Newt Gingrich in America. Many of these deals observed no obvious rules of the Harvard Business School. Can anyone imagine that John Major's autobiography would be of sufficient interest to the public to make its reported seven-figure advance a viable business proposition? And why buy the book of a politician from whom you had withdrawn the editorial support of the Sun?

Some have argued that paying over the odds for ministerial drivel proved that Murdoch was not obsessed with the bottom-line. He used his billions to subsidise the British political record. Ironically, Stuart Proffitt had been heard in the past to put this argument. However, a far more sinister explanation now presents itself. Rupert Murdoch has had a shadowy but vital role in politics over the last 20 years. The editorial favours he has given and the political permissions he has received from first Tory and now Labour governments have significantly changed the shape of British newspapers and television. Many would love to read an account of his private meetings at Number 10 and his reciprocal hospitality in Australia and America.

YET — with the one exception of Andrew Neil, who was not present at the really important meetings — all of those public figures likely to know of Murdoch's power and influence have disseminated their memories of those years through a lucrative contract with Murdoch's publishing arm.

Probably nothing is formally said but it starts to look incestuous. Doesn't it, if a publisher starts turning up in his own books? In Margaret Thatcher's The Downing Street Years, the tycoon, though crucial to her political success, is not mentioned once. In the index to the forthcoming Major memoirs, there's more chance of Murdoch, Iris turning up than Murdoch, Rupert. The book deals start to look strangely like gag deals.

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Stop Archer

Catherine Bennett



HOW very far away Westminster-super-Mare is from London. And how much Lord Jeffrey Archer of Westminster-super-Mare must now wish he had chosen some other than this humble seaside resort to honour with his peregrine. But then, until last year, it had always

seemed such a fine thing to hail from Somerset. So much so that the second part of Jeffrey Archer's title, "Baron of Mark in the County of Somerset", alludes to a rural interlude between the ages of two and four which also, according to his biographer, Michael Crick, provided the basis for Archer's occasional claim to have been "brought up on a farm".

How could Archer have known back in 1982, when he designed his title, that his number two dream job — mayor of London — would arise within his lifetime? It was, after all, his own, beloved Conservative Party that abolished the Greater London Council, sold County Hall to the Japanese, and subsequently insisted, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that London had no

need of any voice, let alone a strategic authority. Until recently, I can find no record of dissent from Lord Archer of Westminster-super-Mare, Baron of Mark in the County of Somerset (recreation: watching Somerset play cricket).

Then New Labour came along, with promises of an elected mayor for London. Before long, Lord Archer of Westminster-super-Mare, Baron of Mark in the County of Somerset (recreation: watching Somerset play cricket) was in the City of EastEnders (compulsion: campaigning to be mayor) was elected the mayor of New York. He has regaled interviewers with his newly acquired, Maybe-it's-because-I'm-a-Londoner patter — key phrase, "I'm a man of the people".

Worryingly, all this is being recorded with amused tolerance. Perhaps his visitors believe that it is all a joke — that William Hague will soon,

newly elected mayor, with millions of Londoners supporting him, would be able to set the agenda as no other politician in Britain.

Why does he want it? He wants it for his own sake: after years of fruitless lapdogery, Archer has identified the majority as his last chance of power. Londoners will not be polled until May on whether they even want a mayor, but Archer has already acquired a campaign team. He has "shadowed" the mayor of New York. He has regaled interviewers with his newly acquired, Maybe-it's-because-I'm-a-Londoner patter — key phrase, "I'm a man of the people".

Worryingly, all this is being recorded with amused tolerance. Perhaps his visitors believe that it is all a joke — that William Hague will soon,

There will be no need for hill-top beacons in our campaign to prevent him becoming mayor of London

inevitably, put a stop to Archer's antics. But Hague, who must know how much his party workers have always adored Archer, has decided to allow Archer to pursue the Conservative candidacy.

Far from being a joke, Lord Archer, Mayor of London, is

becoming a real and hideous prospect. Where the Peruvians have Mario Vargas Llosa, and the Czechs have Václav Havel, London may end up with Jeffrey Archer, literature's Coco the Clown. Admittedly, Archer's one great talent — what his wife called his "gift for inaccurate précis" — could do wonders for the tourism trade. Imagine the crowds after Archer describes London's magnificent, free public transport system: the crystal clear waters where you can snorkel in the morning before skiing in the afternoon; the pyramids bigger than Egypt's; the streets that are paved with gold. And there is one other reason for choosing Archer: he has promised, should he win, to stop writing books.

IT MAY seem unkind to rehearse Jeffrey Archer's career reversals, but his success in a recent ICM poll of Londoners — which put him third, for mayor, after Branson and Livingstone — demands no less. People may well not recollect Archer's near-bankruptcy and subsequent resignation as an MP in 1974. They may neither know, nor care, about the odd confusions which always surrounded his origins — or did until Michael Crick identified the A-levels that weren't, the missing BA, the father who wasn't in the Somerset Light Infantry.

But should Archer's trifling gift of £2,000 to a prostitute (whom he had never met) in 1986 be so readily indulged? Archer resigned as party deputy chairman, and admitted to "lack of judgement". Should we also forget the 1994 DTI investigation after Archer bought shares in Anglia Television, just before they leapt in price? Having first said, "I did not buy any shares...", That sort of discussion is ill-bellous", Archer admitted to a "grave error" in buying the shares, and apologised to his wife, a non-executive director of Anglia.

Possibly, as Archer now claims, it is his very resilience that endears him to the public. He recently boasted that the homeless "treat me as an equal". Presumably they are not familiar with his comment in 1985, that "I know what unemployment is like — and a lot of it is getting off your back and finding yourself a job".

Since campaigns seem to be so popular nowadays, this column proposes another: Stop Archer. There will be no need for letters, petitions or hill-top beacons — the best way to stop him may well be the most direct. What Archer once said on the telephone to Monica Coghlan, the Stop Archer Campaign now says to Archer — "would you go abroad if financially taken care of?" If yes, "how much money would that take?" Let us know.

Women, keep out

Ian Aitken



THE Marylebone Cricket Club and the Garrick Club have two things in common. The first is that they both go in for appallingly vulgar ties, of which the members are childishly proud.

The second is that both have recently voted on whether to admit women as members, and neither has adopted the proposal. Quite a lot of members are proud of that, too.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, the Garrick Club has broad stripes of pink and green. You will see quite a lot of them on the Conservative benches in the House of Commons, though none on the Labour side.

They are more widely distributed in the House of Lords, and last week one of them adorned the neck of Britain's ambassador to the United Nations as he entered the Security Council meeting in Iraq.

The MCC's is red and yellow, and even worse. So you could argue that no sensible woman would want to join any club with such deplorable taste in neckwear.

Indeed, one must be thankful that Bertie Wooster belonged to the Drones, a club which seems not to have had a tie. Had he been elected to the Garrick,

Wooster would have endured fearful torments from Jeeves before letting him dump the offending object in the bin.

In fact, the Drones resembles most so-called "gentlemen's clubs" when it comes to official ties. Members of the super-snobby White's would sooner be caught in their pyjamas than wearing anything so naïf.

The same applies to Boodles and Brooks's, while the ties issue doesn't arise at the Athenaeum, where most of the members wear back-to-front collars.

In spite of this, however, quite a lot of women really do want to join the MCC, even if fewer of them fancy the Garrick. The reason is that the MCC is the world's premier cricket club, and still has a significant role in running the game.

This makes the argument about women MCC members entirely different from the situation at the Garrick. When the issue was raised in the latter, a small theatre had to be hired to accommodate everyone, and a mildly comic debate took place. Some preposterously Bilmish views were expressed, but the result was a vast majority against.

I voted with the minority, in the belief that the club would be a jollier place with women members. I have always thought it monstrous that a portrait of the wonderful Constance Cummings has hung behind the club bar for years, though the lady herself isn't supposed to enter the room. She should be a member.

Yet a club like the Garrick is just a club, and its members are entitled to elect whoever they like. It may injure some women's amour propre, but being excluded inflicts no actual bodily

harm. It is a condition they shared with Bernard Levin and Jeremy Paxman, two worthy candidates who were blackballed by anonymous idiots.

But these arguments do not apply to the MCC, which is not "just" a club. Besides providing a bar at which to booze and a table at which to eat, it is an international institution which owns the Lords' pavilion, the headquarters of cricket, and exercises a landlord's right to ban women.

That is not just a matter of amour-propre, it is a gross interference with the right of women players and fans to pursue their chosen sport.

I did not resign from the

No woman would want to join the MCC or the Garrick, with such deplorable ties

Garrick when it voted to keep women out, because I recognised its right to decide who shall belong and who shan't. But if I were a member of the MCC I would resign — though secretly hoping that I would be asked back when the government forces the club to capitulate, as I earnestly hope it will.

I RECENTLY reported on the Glasgow Herald's telephonic search for a suitable "national anthem" for Scotland — something it evidently felt was needed, now that the Scots are to have a parliament again. My suggestion was Will Fyfe's Stop Your Ticking, Jock.

But the search stimulated a lot of letters to the Herald. One of these came from a

certain AG Muir, who insisted that the songs so far nominated were lacking in genuine national quality. Muir claimed to have found exactly the right candidate to capture the true spirit of the Scottish people.

"It is not anglophobic or xenophobic," Muir wrote. "It is not a celebration of battles won, or of aggressive nationalism. It is alive with self-expression, exudes companionship, resonates with joy, and encapsulates the hospitable nature of the Scottish people. It tells tales of heroic men and indefatigable women."

The letter ended: "It is a song of passion. It is eminently singable. It is The Ball of Kilmuir."

Believe it or not, I have attended a ball at Kilmuir. But Sassenachs who have led more sheltered lives should know that the cleanest of the many verses comprising this immortal anthem reads as follows:

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness
And when the ball was over there were four and twenty less.

Surprisingly, Burns didn't write it.

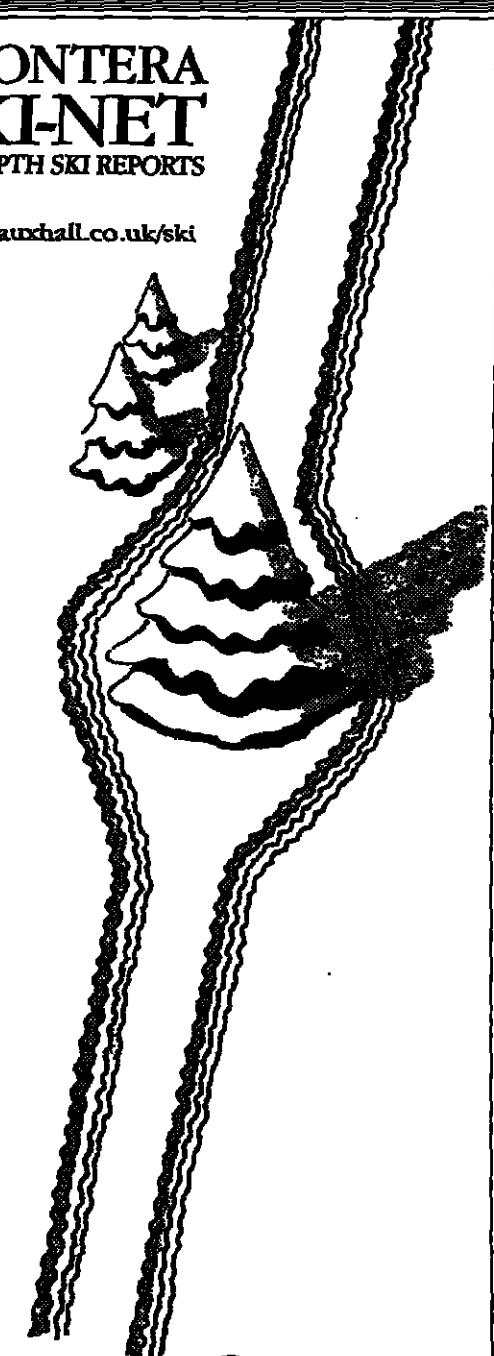
AFTER having four bikes stolen in six years, I was enthusiastic when our local police decided to tackle bicycle theft. They devised a spiffing plan, which was to keep watch on an unlocked bike and then grab whoever tried to pinch it.

To this worthy end, they bought a shiny new mountain bike out of police funds, leant it invitingly against a wall, and then retreated to their chosen vantage point. When they turned round, the bike had gone.

Matthew Engel is away

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Reputations

One dance company has leapt into the world of share issues to expand. But, DAN GLAISTER asks, is this really the way to fund the arts?



Rags to riches... The final scene of AMP's *Cinderella* on stage at the Piccadilly Theatre and (below) Katherine Doré, who predicts the production will become a second international hit for the company

PHOTOGRAPHS: NEIL LIBBERT and GARRY WEASER

Swan dips into fresh cash pool

KATHERINE Doré is in a good mood. She looks out of her office window, gazing down on Cambridge Circus and the Palace Theatre, home for the past 13 years to *Les Misérables*. "This used to be Trevor Nunn's office," she says. "I'm sure he used to sit here and watch people going into *Les Mis* and think, 'Right, that's another fiver'."

Money may not be everything in the arts, but it certainly helps. Doré, and her experimental dance company, Adventures in Motion Pictures, has embarked on a parallel route to that taken by Sir Trevor, who is now artistic director of the Royal National Theatre. Together with AMP's co-director and choreographer, Matthew Bourne, she has launched an ambitious share issue to fund the company through a veritable period of expansion.

The aim is to raise £500,000. Not big money by City standards, but a sum that could guarantee the survival of AMP.

The company's success has created the need for cash. Three years ago it was just another small experimental

dance company, with an annual turnover of about £500,000. Today it is an international group of companies with a turnover of nearly £5 million.

The growth has been due to one production. In 1995, Bourne came up with the idea of presenting *Swan Lake*, with an all-male cast of swans. Wacky idea but it played well — very well. After a stuttering start in Britain, the show went to Los Angeles where it became a huge hit. On the back of that it came into the West End in London. The rest is the stuff of theatrical myth: it opens on Broadway in the autumn.

But the company has paid for its success. Before the boys put their tusks on to dance in *Swan Lake* the company received an annual subsidy from the Arts Council of £300,000. As the commercial success grew so the subsidy was reduced. Last year it was £120,000. In the coming financial year, it was announced in January, the company will receive nothing. The Arts Council said AMP was "working on a commercially based production".

Although the subsidy was tiny compared with the company's turnover, it helped to

pay for core functions such as the management and the company's education work, which represents a third of its activities. So the £500,000 will pay for a restructuring of the company's management.

"We're looking at the whole management and infrastructure of the company now that we're not funded by the Arts Council," Doré says. "If we got a grant we could just too-tie on, but that's not the case. Having developed over two or three years from a small-scale dance company into a multi-million-pound international corporation, it's essential that we look now at the management to make sure it is properly secured and when we go into this period we're not still a small company."

The expansion will see AMP unroll a daunting touring programme, based on a franchise of its successful male swans and its less successful production of *Cinderella*, which had a run in the West End at Christmas. *Swan Lake* opens in New York in the autumn in a co-production with Sir Cameron McIntosh. A separate two-year US tour of the work will begin in spring 1999. At the same time, a UK tour of *Swan Lake* will begin in Edinburgh, before travelling to Europe and the Far East. *Cinderella* opens in Los Angeles in spring 1999, followed by a US tour.

In the next two years, AMP will undertake a total of 171 weeks of performances with three companies. That's a lot of dancing.

The stress that could put on a small company with a staff of 10 and only two directors is immense. The share issue aims to address that. The company is inviting 1,000 "founder shareholders" to invest a minimum of £500. Doré calculates that investors will recoup their initial investment within two years. Thereafter there will be an in-



'The reason we are a commercial company is because we lost our subsidy. We didn't lose our subsidy because we are a commercial company... But what is so sad from the Arts Council's point of view is that they helped create this and now they're having to let it go'

come stream based on a 0.5 per cent royalty. The invited shareholders are long-standing supporters of the company — "friends" — and previous investors. "We're aiming for people who have seen the work but have not previously invested, and people who have heard of what we do and are investing in the talent of the company. We're keeping the investment low in order to enable a broad range of people to become involved. Our philosophy is to

be inclusive, to give people a bit of the company. People who go and see the theatre regularly often find it difficult to have an active involvement. This is like investing in a football club."

If there is a model for AMP's initiative in the sporting world, there is precious little in the artistic world. The investment opportunities offered by film-makers are the nearest parallel. Invest £500, say the film prospectuses, and receive a share of

the profits, appear as an extra and come to the premiere. If the film gets a premiere. Most of the films financed by this method go straight to cable TV. But the difference is that these are funding a one-off project; AMP is an ongoing concern.

A flotation was ruled out, however. Investors will be termed "founder shareholders", they are not equity shareholders. For one thing, a flotation would be too expensive. For another, there is the issue of control.

"We're not becoming AMP plc," says Doré. "People can come in and take advantage of our fortunes, but there is no voting power. In a company like this it would be impossible, because it is talent-driven. The thing about a company like this is the personalities involved."

So, everyone is happy. Two weeks into the offer, the money is pouring in — £375,000 at the last count — with investors keen to buy glamour by association. But could this sort of share issue offer an alternative funding stream for the perennially cash-strapped arts sector? Yes and no.

Yes, because all options have to be investigated. Traditional funding streams are drying up. The Arts Council, like all public funding bodies, is taking a long, hard look at its priorities. The onslaught of National Lottery money has had a calamitous effect on the arts sector. Although it is a wash with money, it is money with strings.

The main string has been public accountability, and the recipient institutions lack the expertise to provide the necessary accountability. There have been many errors. But the legislation that launched the distribution of lottery proceeds to good causes — including the arts — was deeply flawed. Lottery spending was allowed on capital projects

but not as a replacement for or add-on to revenue. Thus the situation reminiscent of the culture palaces of the eastern bloc: magnificently equipped temples of the arts with impoverished performers and administrators working inside them.

This anomaly is addressed by the Lottery Bill which is before Parliament but much of the damage has already been done. The squeeze on public spending and the arrival of the lottery have also prompted many local authorities to re-examine their funding of the arts.

But there are few companies that have the unique selling point to enable them to launch a share issue. "The reason we can do this is because of the nature of Matthew Bourne's work," says Doré. "It happens to be inclusive and to draw a very wide audience. *Swan Lake* will, I hope, eventually replace our Arts Council funding. It's a great piece of theatre and a valuable asset."

She disputes the Arts Council's explanation of the company's loss of funding. "The reason we are a commercial company is because we lost our subsidy. We didn't lose our subsidy because we are a

commercial company. It would be a nonsense for the Arts Council to subsidise our productions. But what is so sad from the Arts Council's point of view is that they helped create this and now they're having to let it go."

She does see a middle route, one that other companies might follow. "If the Arts Council could use National Lottery funding as investment, we would not be doing this and they could still have the Arts Council stamp on it."

Although a very special case, AMP seems to have found a way out of the funding morass. All it takes is a smash hit. Or two.

"I remember watching the show in Los Angeles and thinking 'My God, I can't believe this is our company'," says Doré. "*Cinderella* will be the same thing. I'm absolutely confident."

For details of the *Adventures in Motion Pictures* share issue call 0171-833 8716

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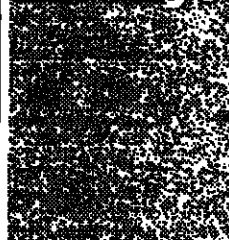
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The Guardian

Betting on a vintage year

Euro Eye



John Glover in Montalcino

FUTURES were vented in 17th century London coffee shops as a way of laying off the risk that tea still in the hold of a clipper might fall in price before the owner sold it.

Now, after detours through orange juice, wheat, pork bellies and stock indexes, futures are returning to their roots by heading for the wine bars.

At the end of March, Castello Banfi, one of the leading producers of Brunello,

the intense, full-bodied wine that defines Tuscany's picturesque Montalcino region, will issue 8,000 futures contracts on its own production at 250,000 lire (£83.33) per contract.

Come 2002, when the 1997 vintage reaches the market, each contract will give the holder the right to collect six bottles of Castello Banfi Brunello 1997.

Wine experts say that 1997 was a bumper year for Italy's top wines. Brunello included. Weather conditions sent quality as high as it has ever been, at the expense of quantity, which plummeted. That will send prices soaring.

Banfi's fluster with futures will raise two billion lire, just short of £700,000. "Sure, getting the money early never hurts," says managing director Ezio Riva. But, as he points out, a couple of billion lire is not a huge sum for a company with sales of around 65 billion lire annually.

His main aim, he says, is to cement relations with Banfi's retail customers, who might have a tough

time finding Brunello 1997 early next century.

This is not Banfi's first trip to the futures market.

In 1996, the company issued 7,000 contracts on the top-rated 1995 vintage at 208,000 lire a contract.

At the Vino al Vino wine-shop in Montalcino, owner Francesco Pazzaglia is selling the last of them at 290,000 lire a contract, a gain of almost 40 per cent on the issue price. "I'd expect a similar success, if not greater, for the new issue," he says.

The Tuscan flirtation with finance has not gone unnoticed in Piedmont. 250 miles to the north-west, Fontanafredda, a leading Barolo producer, is planning to sell the first of two tranches of 2,500 contracts each on four 1997 vintages. The deal is similar to that of Banfi except that it will be delivered in 2001.

Fontanafredda expects the price to be between 300,000 and 350,000 lire per six-bottle contract. "The consumer gets the wine at a guaranteed price. We get money to help our working

capital," says Giovanni Minetti, managing director of Fontanafredda.

The small size and the marketing-led aims of these operations make it less important for issuers to establish a deep, liquid market.

A more red-bloodedly financial deal will be launched next week by Italy's leading investment bank, Mediobanca. The 20 billion lire deal involves a bond with a warrant attached, permitting holders to acquire cases of the Brunello produced by Marchesi Antinori, another leading producer. The bonds will mature in three stages, timed to coincide with the vintages maturing in Antinori's cellars in 2000, 2001 and 2002.

The bibulous bonds carry a coupon of 2 per cent. That's less than half the coupon on conventional bonds, but holders can expect to offset this by exercising their warrants. Of course, the risk is that the wine will appreciate less than anticipated. But even if that happens, they can always drown their sorrows,

20icons

The people who shaped the 20th century

Public figures ranging from Arthur C Clarke to Ian Brown choose icons in their own fields — the people they believe have determined the character of this century.

Free today in *The Guardian*

Apple

28 Feb 1998

Jubilant heads of government expected to turn a blind eye to excessive levels of national debt

First XI fit for euro game

Converging?

Percentage of GDP, 1997	Deficit	Debt
France	3.0	58.6
Germany	2.7	61.3
Italy	2.7	121.6
Spain	2.6	68.3
Portugal	2.5	62.0
Netherlands	1.5	72.0
Belgium	2.1	122.2
Finland	0.9	55.8
Sweden	0.4	76.6
Denmark	+0.7	64.1
UK	1.5	67.0
Ireland	-0.9	67.0
Austria	2.5	66.1
Luxembourg	+1.7	6.7
Greece	4.0	108.7

Mark Milner and Martin Walker

EUROPE'S political leaders were in celebratory mood last night after it became clear that the first wave of monetary union. Happiest of all was Italy's prime minister, Romano Prodi, after Italy comfortably met the qualifying level for its public sector deficit.

cent qualifying level, as "a decisive success for German fiscal policy". The only cautious note came from the French president, Jacques Chirac, who professed himself delighted, but warned that efforts to improve the public finances had to continue.

They meet to decide the final line-up at the beginning of May, even though many of them have failed to get their national debt levels down to the Maastricht target of 60 per cent of GDP.

large group of founder members when the single currency is brought in at the beginning of next year.

Alison Cottrell at Paine Webber

Ironically, the statistical success scored by most European economies is likely to increase the political tensions over the choice of the head of the new European Central Bank.

Saturday Notebook

British voyeurs in uneasy position



Alex Brummer

THE doubters who questioned whether the euro would ever become a reality in a meaningful way have been vanquished.

proved means of transferring wealth from richer states to poorer countries will be necessary, unless there is to be enormous social dislocation.

Protest has rich irony

AID groups dumped a mountain of "gold" outside the German embassy yesterday to mark the 45th anniversary of the London agreement that cancelled most of that country's post-war debts.

The protesters say Germany is dragging its feet on reducing the debts of some of the world's poorest countries.

Christian Aid and Cafod are members of the Jubilee 2000 coalition, which is campaigning for the millennium to be marked by cancelling the backlog of unpayable debts owed by poor countries.



Lloyds shifts direction towards Continent

Mark Milner and Lisa Buckingham

LOYDS TSB, the UK's most highly rated banking group, yesterday signalled it could be ready to shift direction and make a big acquisition in continental Europe.

The bank's chairman, Sir Brian Pitman, told the French newspaper Le Figaro that he "would love to buy" Credit Lyonnais, the state-controlled French bank which in recent years has been the subject of a series of bail-outs.

Brian told Le Figaro. "In France that is not the case. The labour regulations, the weight of the bureaucracy, the imprisons the enterprise in a straitjacket and could cost it a lot of money."

Nevertheless, Lyonnais shares soared by 5 per cent in Paris yesterday, closing at a three-year high.

dismissed such talk as "speculation", but Lloyds is known to want to acquire a mortgage lender to complement its Cheltenham & Gloucester division, which is strongest in the south and west of Britain.

Although the bank has looked very smart for its decision to concentrate on the UK market and steer clear of the wasteful adventures into investment banking undertaken by rivals Barclays and NatWest, analysts now suggest that the group needs to develop a more international expansion strategy.

It is known that continental Europe is now on the agenda for senior executives, not least because increasing competition in the domestic retail banking market will begin to erode Lloyds' margins.

Lloyds TSB, whose shares rose 15p to 813p yesterday, recently reported a 26 per cent rise in profits to 23.16 billion for 1997, but its overseas ambitions have largely been confined to personal finance in the Latin American market.

The crucial cost/income ratio fell last year from 57 per cent to 50.4 per cent and Sir Brian is determined to do nothing to undermine Lloyds' increasing profitability.

News in brief

New challenge to ferry pact

The Government yesterday agreed the merger of B&O and Stena Line, but rival Channel ferry operator SeaFrance immediately appealed to the European Commission to block the deal.

Pan Am downed

Pan Am's comeback attempt has collapsed, with the once-mighty airline again filing for bankruptcy. The US carrier emerged from a five-year period of bankruptcy protection in 1993, but has failed to carve out a niche.

Glaxo provokes hostile bid alert

Julia Finch

DRUGS group Glaxo Wellcome yesterday contacted its major shareholders to arrange a series of meetings next week to discuss the possibility that the company is seeking investor backing for a hostile bid for rival SmithKline Beecham, with which it had planned a friendly merger.

The companies' share prices indicated that dealers thought a hostile bid possible. SmithKline added 16p to 767p, while Glaxo slipped 6p to 196p.

Heavyweight veteran tossed out

David Cow

MIDNIGHT tonight marks what could be one of the last stages of "demonetisation" before the euro hits Britain in the next century, as the old heavyweight 50p is withdrawn from circulation.

The 50p was introduced in 1969, becoming the heaviest coin in western Europe and the world's first seven-sided piece of money. The Royal Mint yesterday hastened to reassure shoppers and savers the end was not yet nigh.

Alliance hangs on to its cash

Teresa Hunter

SHAREHOLDERS at Alliance & Leicester were disappointed yesterday when the former building society failed to signal a special distribution of its 2700 million cash mountain as it announced a 29 per cent rise in its pre-tax profits to 2395 million.

However, it did hold out the prospect of improved returns from the shares by disclosing that it will ask investors to

approve a share buy-back scheme at its annual meeting in May. But finance director Richard Pym said it was unlikely that any such operation would take place this year.

A&L, which floated on the stock market last April with a share price of 542.5p, will pay 1.3 million investors a 20.8p per share dividend, which means that former members who held on to their 250 flat distribution will receive £52.

an underlying increase in profits excluding exception items of 18 per cent to 2423 million.

Mr Pym indicated that A&L, which is increasingly viewed as a takeover target, would sit on its cash for the time being to finance the development of its core businesses and seek acquisitions.

A&L's chief executive, Peter White, said: "If we cannot use our capital effectively we will return it to shareholders."

Morgan at play

THE idea of JP Morgan, the most blue-blooded of American banking houses, being in play is preposterous. But so was the idea that Barings would fall and become part of a Dutch financial combine, or that NatWest might be a takeover or merger candidate.

However, there is some common history in all of this. To a different extent all three of these banks have been undermined by their unfulfilled ambitions in investment banking. It was in the fourth quarter of last year that details of serious difficulties at JP Morgan began to emerge.

The immediate result of this difficulty has been the decision to slash costs by an across-the-board 5 per cent cut in the workforce. Chairman/Chief Executive "Sandy" Warner is still seeking to maintain a defence strategy, arguing that this is still possible "if we execute it successfully". But the wolves have started to circle.

Among the favoured American candidates doing the Wall Street rounds is Travellers, owners of Salomon Smith Barney. This makes sense in that Salomon is predominantly a fixed interest and trading house, while Smith Barney is a brokerage distribution arm.

Warner is still seeking to maintain a defence strategy, arguing that this is still possible "if we execute it successfully". But the wolves have started to circle.

Given the different stages of development between the most advanced economies, Germany and Holland, vis a vis Portugal and Spain, im-

an assistant director of Arthur Andersen Corporate Finance, advisers on the deal, said the junk bonds had helped the financiers bid more for the newspapers than rivals. The group would seek a flotation within five years.

The proceeds will cut net debt at UN&M to about £640 million. The group intends to concentrate on its TV and business services.

Regional loyalty to the Yorkshire Post was evident last night on the streets of Leeds where the paper has earned a strong reputation for campaigning journalism.

"Ownership matters," said management consultant and reader George Smithson. "I remember when it was run by Yorkshire Conservative Newspapers and it used to show."

Junk bonds buy top papers

Martin Walker and Chris Barrie

A CLUTCH of England's most venerable newspapers passed into new ownership yesterday when United News and Media sold its northern print interests to buyout specialist Candover.

Tourist rates - bank sells

Supplied by NatWest (excluding rupee, shakel and motor)

Australia 2.57	Germany 2.9044	Malaysia 6.12	Singapore 2.80
Austria 26.44	Greece 462.39	Malta 0.53	South Africa 7.93
Belgium 59.96	Hong Kong 12.40	Netherlands 3.2622	Spain 244.94
Canada 2.20	India 54.65	New Zealand 2.75	Sweden 12.86
Cyprus 0.85	Ireland 1.1749	Norway 12.14	Switzerland 2.25
Denmark 11.14	Israel 5.90	Portugal 257.57	Turkey 392.820
Finland 8.90	Italy 2.884	Saudi Arabia 6.07	USA 1.8124
France 9.72	Japan 1.36		

British bank seeks Continental bride, page 11
Market artiste leads City a pretty dance, page 10

FinanceGuardian

White heat rebel who broke the club rules

ALEX BRUMMER and ROGER COWE
on an outsider who changed Britain plc



THE concept of the business tycoon as a hero, emblematic of his or her age, is a relatively modern idea. For much of the 20th century in class-bound British culture, business, particularly the mucky business of making things, was not considered a respectable profession among the ruling classes. Even the apparently genteel world of the City and banking was seen as a place for the less talented products of the public schools or outsiders, refugees from Frankfurt or the Hanseatic League, the commercial alliance of northern European cities.

During the last four decades attitudes have changed dramatically. In the same way as the 1980s were a social and cultural upheaval, sweeping away conventional notions of class, tradition and etiquette and replacing them with a new morality and respect for creativity, they

were also a period when the image of business was transformed.

The captains of industry were perceived as the doers and wealth-creators of the new era. As the aristocratic politics of Lord Home were swept away by the gritty Huddersfield realpolitik of Harold Wilson, the sloppy, patrician management that pervaded much of industry was to be galvanised in a meritocratic, technological revolution.

"The Britain that is going to be forged in the white heat of this revolution will be no place for restrictive practices or for outdated methods on either side of industry," Wilson intoned in his landmark speech to the 1963 Labour Party conference.

The battle for modernisation in British attitudes towards business would be as significant in its time as Tony Blair's symbolic banishment of Clause IV and the homage to Britain's new dynamic creativity, symbolised for the

present Prime Minister by the Millennium Experience.

The industrialist who was to become the icon of the new Britain of the Wilson era was Arnold Weinstock. The tall industrialist in a sober suit with twinkling eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles would become as much a national symbol — who would be listened to by the great and good with astonishing reverence — as Richard Branson with his beard and baggy sweaters would become in later decades.

Weinstock was seen as the saviour of electrical manufacturing, the only industrialist capable, because of a fine intellect and managerial disciplines, of rescuing the industry from itself. The attraction of Weinstock, as a business leader, was that he was not of the establishment.

Quite the contrary. The common thread connecting Weinstock to Branson over the last 10 years and Lords King and Hanson in the

Thatcher era is that they were all outsiders challenging the existing culture. They were the consummate rebels, like the Rolling Stones, the Sex Pistols and Oasis, but their field of combat was the boardroom, not the charts. Weinstock was about as outside the establishment as it was possible to be. He was born to elderly, Polish-Jewish immigrant parents in Stoke Newington in north London.

BEFORE reaching his teenage years he had been orphaned as a result of illness and was passed around among his older, artisan brothers before being bundled off to Warwickshire as an evacuee with other pupils from the Stoke Newington Central School. The abiding images from his childhood were of Oswald Mosley's blackshirts violently clashing with his Jewish compatriots in the streets of the

East End; of sitting high above the holy ark, where the scrolls of the law are kept, singing in the choir at the Poet's Road synagogue; the hushed whispers around his home when he was sent away to the seaside during his mother's last days. As an orphan, his was the experience that can drive outsiders to extraordinary success as they seek the security missed in childhood in their career and surroundings.

It was from this unprepossessing, peripatetic beginning that Weinstock began the journey to business symbol of the 1960s and 1970s. From an almost impossible situation in rural Warwickshire he gained matriculation and advanced to the London School of Economics, based during the war years at Cambridge University, and on to the Admiralty.

Security became his goal both financially and personally, and he eventually found both in the excitement of the post-second world war property world as the onerous restrictions of the wartime command economy were lifted.

The entrepreneurial experience gained in property was to prove invaluable when he teamed up with his father-in-law, Michael Sobell, to take the television age by storm.

In the same way as an Australian business hero, Rupert Murdoch, would later see the advent of satellite technology as a gateway to the domination of pay-television in Britain, so Weinstock saw the BBC's investment in a network of 75 television transmitters as a golden opportunity to make and market television receivers. The Weinstock-Sobell vehicle, Radio & Allied Industries, became so effective as a quoted company that it was able to back its way into the General Electric Company in 1963.

With the tacit support of the Wilson government, it was then able to absorb the backbone of Britain's electrical engineering industries with successful bids for Associated Electrical Industries and English Electric in 1966 and 1967.

IT WAS Weinstock's status as a business hero that allowed him the freedom to build a national champion in electrical engineering and one which, with strong management, organic growth and brave takeovers, would still be close to the top of its game three decades later.

Weinstock had travelled an enormous way from his roots, but his attraction remained that of the outsider. He was someone with the sense to recognise that industry needed consolidation and winners in electrical engineering, electronics and, eventually, in defence industries, if it were to remain competitive on a global stage. Part of Weinstock's attraction to Wilson and "white heat" Labour was that he did not meet the stereotype of the British businessman.

Although GEC was to make Weinstock and his family very wealthy, he eschewed all

the public trappings of power. His Stanhope Gate offices in West London were famed for the brilliant conversation in the dining room — where Weinstock and the bright politicians of the day would stretch their intellects — but also for their modesty and stark austerity.

It was almost fitting that Weinstock, whose business victories had been built as an outsider, would be rejected by the establishment which blackballed him from Brooks's club. The hero would not be allowed into the inner-courts of power until almost two decades after he moved to GEC, when he was given a peerage by another Prime Minister who loved what business leaders could do for her — Margaret Thatcher.

Thatcher's generation, brought up on a diet of the buccannering mangers of Lord Hanson in the 1980s and the smart, media-led branding of Richard Branson over the last two decades, would find it hard to imagine Lord Weinstock — who was edged out of his post as managing director of GEC in September 1986 — as a business icon.

How quickly it is forgotten that as recently as 1980, Weinstock had the vision to see that national champions had had their day and forged a series of transnational alliances with Siemens of Germany in telecommunications and with Alstom of France in power engineering to conquer emerging markets.

Weinstock became a management icon for his fierce cost controls and intellectual vision; Hanson because of his glamorous adventurism in the United States and Branson because he has been so willing to use his imagination to spread the influence of the Virgin brand.

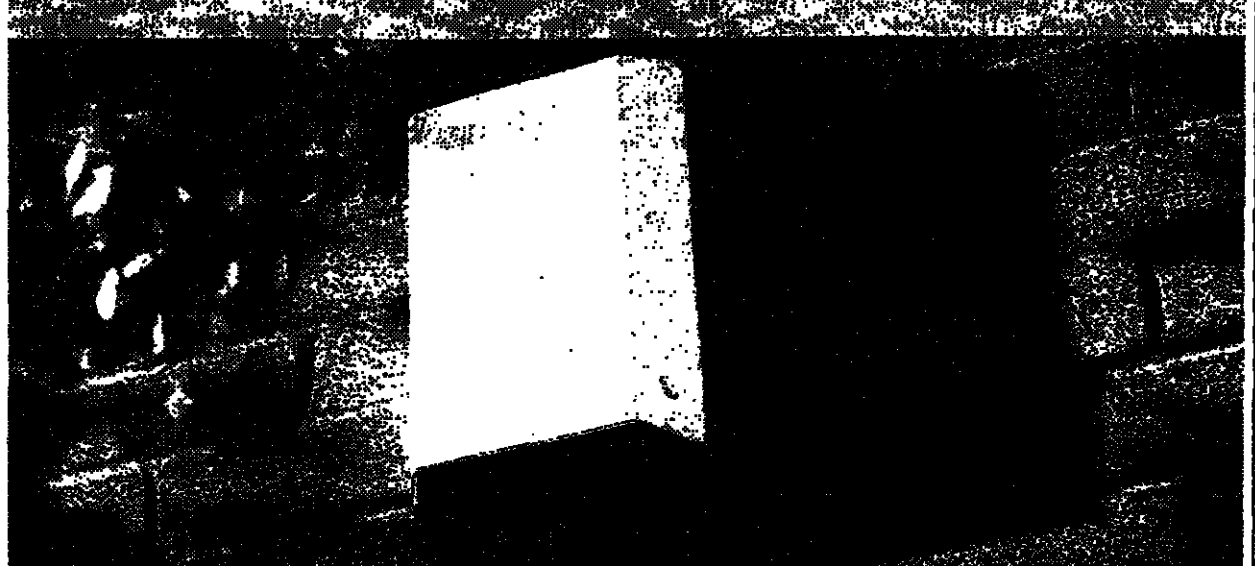
All became business icons, but all are subject to revisionism, as Branson is finding out. But what they have created, however, has to be assessed in its own time.



Challenging the orthodox ... Weinstock and Branson seen with Pamela Anderson. MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: ASHLEY ASHWOOD

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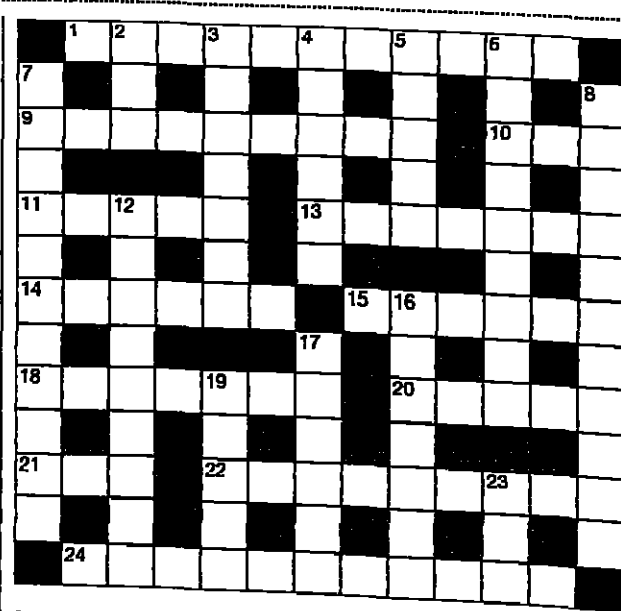
Reading on

Alex Brummer and Roger Cowe's book, *Weinstock: The Life and Times of Britain's Premier Industrialist*, is published by HarperCollins on March 2 1998, priced £24.99. To order at a discounted rate of £19.99, free phone 0800 600 102 or send a cheque payable to Guardian CultureShop, 250 Western Avenue, London W3 6EE.

Quick Crossword No. 8683

DRASTIC U A C
I E O A M E S I A
S L O B B E R I T S
C U E E W T R E A T
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E A R M I T C R Y

Solution No. 8682



Across

- 1 Building for astronomical study (11)
- 9 Steep cliff (9)
- 10 Female bird (3)
- 11 Perch (5)
- 13 Raise (7)
- 14 Stevedore (6)
- 15 Tenant (6)
- 16 Ghost (7)
- 20 Ice house (5)
- 21 Skill — for creating works of beauty (3)
- 22 Walk — on the sea-front (9)

24 Reckoning (11)

- Down**
- 2 Social insect (3)
 - 3 Letter (7)
 - 4 Concealed (6)
 - 5 Topic (5)
 - 6 Run-through (9)
 - 7 Substance exciting sexual desire (11)
 - 8 Immature (11)
 - 12 Group of musicians (9)
 - 16 Manifest (7)
 - 17 Kick back (6)
 - 18 Subject (5)

23 Fuss (3)

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What happened to storming the barricades? Students from the London College of Printing and their friends... Are their peers too laid-back to care?

Save the world or pay off your student loan? Young people are charged with being obsessed with themselves. **Owen Bowcott** and **Luke Harding** on the making of the me generation

The victory of me over we

IN A bright, third-floor office in north London, decorated with ferns going a little brown at the edges, Anthony Forth can be found most days. In the early weeks in this office, his time was spent feeding the voracious fax machine. These days, he might draft a press release on the state of the rain forest or chat to colleagues on the "mahogany desk", next to the map of a tree-denuded Madagascar. After work most of his salaried friends sink a couple of pints and head off for a vegetable curry. Instead, Anthony walks back to King's Cross station, past a Prescottian brownfield site now being busily converted into new yuppie flats. Home is a one-bedroom flat in central Luton. Anthony is a volunteer. And if a dispiriting survey this week by Voluntary Service Overseas is anything to go by, he is rapidly becoming something of an endangered species in this "me-first" generation.

This week the charity announced it is experiencing a recruitment slump. For the first time in a decade the number of volunteers being sent overseas by VSO has dropped. Applicants have also fallen away by 22 per cent over the past two years, ostensibly providing evidence that twentysomethings are becoming "more selfish and less caring" — turning their back on youthful idealism.

The anecdotal evidence remains mixed. In economic boom times, skills are always in short supply, wages rise and fewer people volunteer their free time. But animal rights demonstrations, environmental pressure groups and anti-road protests still draw in hundreds of thousands of dedicated activists. Greenpeace, which has 215,000 UK members, says it is receiving more young volunteers than last year. The think tank

Demos has puzzled over the apparent disengagement of those aged between 18 and 34 from traditional mainstream politics. "It is very easy to paint a negative picture," their 1995 report, *Freedom's Children*, explained.

"The evidence seems to suggest that 18 to 34 year olds are apathetic and inward-looking: that those at the lower end of the age range have not yet fully accepted the responsibilities of adulthood while those at the higher end of the range have become selfish."

"Given the right issue, however, young people do become active. Although young people are less environmentally active than the 35 to 45 age group, environmental concerns are much more likely to galvanise them into action than anything else. Remarkably, a third of young people claim to have been involved in protests on animal rights."

But in the United States, a similar debate has resulted in the Peace Corps being given \$30 million. Mark Gearan, the organisation's director, maintains that "the popular perceptions about Generation X — that young people are slackers with little motivation — is a myth." The Peace Corps is now planning to double its 6,500 volunteers overseas within the next two years. But is that a lot when one considers that the United States has a population of more than 266 million?

Perhaps Britain's young are merely switching the focus of their social concerns? Eco-issues are displacing Third World development, VSO's traditional theme. In the popular imagination, wildlife documentaries team through the television schedules, the charity pointed out yesterday while current affairs programmes increasingly ignore the fate of the underprivileged in remote parts of the globe.

It is not hard to see why most of Anthony's peers who graduated from Luton University have eschewed volunteering altogether for more lucrative professional positions. "It is very awkward going out with working friends. You either get into accepting charity or you can't afford to buy them a drink. That feels really embarrassing," he explains, from the albumen-painted Friends Of The Earth Office, where he has worked as a volunteer for the past six months.

While Anthony finds his job varied and stimulating (Ben Elton recently popped in to a FoE bash, adding a frisson of celebrity glamour), he receives no salary at all. The charity pays only his daily Thameslink fare.

He survives by signing on and is entitled to an extra £10 on top of his benefit in recognition of his charity work. Anthony has given up going to the theatre, and last

went out for a meal in early 1997. "The thing that gets me is clothes. You can eat and go out a little bit but you can't afford to buy clothes. I had a couple of job interviews recently and I had to buy a shirt, which was a great wodge out of my benefit for two weeks."

It takes no great genius, then, to see why many young people are increasingly reluctant to embrace a penurious lifestyle in a booming jobs market where average graduate starting salaries have now risen to £18,500. Such choices may also be part of a deeper shift in attitudes. There is little banging around after college, as there was in the sixties and seventies, to null over possible directions in life.

Graduates are competing for jobs long before final exams to pay back student loans and accumulate cash for the daunting price tags of the property market ahead. And once professionally employed, it is a lifestyle that is harder and harder to renounce before early retirement.

"People are keen to get on and have careers," explains an official at the National Union of Students, "because of the legacy of debt and hardship they have endured. The average student on leaving college now owes £4,000."

"You don't have to pay it back until you are earning a certain level, but it's something you are always aware of. It makes people keen to go into jobs straight away rather than go travelling."

Are we simultaneously becoming more insular as the world loses the mystery of its remoteness? The commonplace that the world is shrinking, that we travel abroad more frequently as citizens of a globalised economy may paradoxically reduce our foreign experiences to consumer item holidays — a blur of semi-assimilated airports, resorts and hotels.

On charitable giving, there is

hard statistical underpinning showing that the young are making fewer and fewer donations. According to the Institute of Fiscal Studies, 31 per cent of twenty- and thirtysomethings were giving cash in 1974. By 1993, that proportion had slipped to 21 per cent. For those over 60, however, the figures barely registered any change.

Such long-term shifts cannot be blamed on the National Lottery. The decline, Sarah Tanner of the IFS ventures, is likely to be due to "increasing income uncertainty, falling participation in religious activity and the declining trust for collective bodies".

Whether this is proof that the coming generation is composed spiritually of Thatcher's children, for whom the term "society" has no meaning, remains a debatable point. Anthony Forth, for example, grew up in St Ives in Cambridgeshire — not so much in Thatcher's child, more Major's — in the former prime minister's Huntingdon constituency.

His upbringing was comfortable — mother a librarian and father a computer programmer — and his education statistically typical, at the local secondary modern school. So far Anthony has avoided the middle-class employment trajectory plotted out for him. It was the persistent smog over Luton town centre which did it, propelling him into green student politics instead. "I don't think my parents see what I do as a proper job," he shrugs.

And what about the rest of his peer group? "It is a big issue for people who have just left university. It is as much a question of status as salary. People feel pressure to go out and get a paying job," he explains.

Soon Anthony is likely to join them. Tired of living on a joint weekly income of £75 with his girl-

friend, and still only 22, he is expecting to leave the voluntary sector to take up, well, a "proper" job.

His departure would be in line with findings by the Institute of Volunteering Research. Their survey reported that only 43 per cent of those aged 18 to 24 acted as volunteers last year, compared to 56 per cent in 1991. Even more dramatic was the fall in the average number of hours per week, from 2.7 in 1991 to 0.7 in 1997.

"There's some evidence that people are less engaged with traditional, philanthropic organisations and switching their involvement to direct action," says Stuart Etherington, chief executive of the National Council for Voluntary Organisations.

"I was in a voluntary bureau in Liverpool recently and, unusually, there were a lot of young people there. Most of them, it turned out, were out of the workforce and looking to learn new skills."

Dr Justin Davis-Smith, also of the NCVO, observes that "young people are far more likely to play down altruistic and highlight self-interested reasons. While these motivations are perfectly valid — some may say more honest — it suggests they inhabit a very different volunteering world from their older counterparts."

Further disturbing evidence suggesting that the older generation are more radical than their career-obsessed offspring emerged in a Guardian/ICM poll earlier this month. Two-thirds of Britain's under-24s backed a military campaign against Saddam Hussein, while their parents and grandparents in the over-65 category barely scraped together a majority in favour. Pacifism and CND have evidently lost their power to shape the international outlook of the young.


But do any of these *page 14*



Sarah, 22: putting the world to rights — over a late-night bottle of vodka. A student writes: ♦ 14

IAN MAYES

OPEN DOOR

A black and white portrait of Ian Mayes, a man with dark hair and a slight smile, looking towards the camera. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, artistic feel.

The Irish reader who raised the issue this week takes a contrary view. She sees the placing of news about the Republic on the home news pages of the Guardian (and other broadsheets) as a form of "colonial appropriation", supporting attitudes which

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Mayes, by telephoning 0171 239 9589 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Fax: 0171 239 9897. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

THEME OF THE WEEK LISTENING

Quiz answers

1) a — Marylebone Cricket Club, which this week rejected a proposal to admit women as members as the vote failed to produce a two-thirds majority in favour of change.

2) Flicn Jenkins whose oversight to renew the road fund licence on her Range-Rover, a present from her husband William Hague, came to light when the car was stolen and returned by police.

3) Robert De Niro, who has refused ever to set foot in France after he was mistakenly interrogated by police over an

- International vice girl ring.
- 4) Model Honor Fraser, who made her entrance at the Vivienne Westwood show by sliding down the banisters and falling on her bottom.
- 5) Naomi Crouch, model for the Millennium Dome's 320ft-high human replica.
- 6) The Pugin-inspired antique lavatory will reportedly cost £2,000.
- 7) Allegedly because the former gamekeeper's cottage which Prince Philip offered Fergie and her two daughters has only two bedrooms and an outside toilet.
- 8) The Government, which

refused to give actor Sean Connery a knighthood, possibly as a result of his Scottish Nationalist leanings.

9) Dyslexia, which has been shown to be hereditary. Scientists have discovered a common shared strand of DNA in sufferers.

10) Barnsley. The Council for the Protection of Rural England has discovered that it is the most successful town in keeping its population.

11) a — "The Cottage". It came first in a newly compiled league of house names.

12) a — Bernard Manning.

13) The fact that lemmings do not

actually commit mass suicide by throwing themselves off cliffs when faced with overcrowding. 14) Oprah Winfrey, who won a libel suit brought against her by Texan cattlemen over claims on her show about BSE. 15) Models Naomi Campbell and Kate Moss, who spent 90 minutes with the Cuban leader after they had completed a fashion shoot there.

How You Rate?
0-4 Outside bog
5-9 Loo
9-14 En-suite
15 The Full Pugin

head of Random House in New York; husband of Tina Brown who edits the New Yorker.

Foulie: He is upset that young Turk writer Toby Young has suggested he and Tina no longer wield the clout they once did. Has engaged solicitors to stop Young "defaming, denigrating and ridiculing" Evans and Brown.

He says: "If he's going to dedicate his life to me, let's get it right."

Feud: Your thinks it is a to do with a play he is

writing, *Liberté, Égalité, Publicité*, which features a New York media couple supposedly a little like Brown and Evans. When the play was mentioned in a gossip column, Evans demanded an apology.

He says: "Harry and Tina are behaving like a couple of Scientologists."

Gabrielle Mont

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Giving it away For

Year	20 and 30-year-olds	40 and 49-year-olds
1974	31	41
1980	29	40

Percentage of age group giving to charity
and 50-year-olds

Year	18-29	Over 60s
1987	27	39
1993/94	21	31

and extra features, skipping any ideological desires to change the world. People in the early twenties do not volunteer to have the time for volunteer work or protest activities which are such a feature of the image of the youth of the past.

I don't disagree with this image, nor would I pretend that don't find it disappointing. It would be great to live in a student world where issues and war against the state were the driving force rather than getting your essay done and leaving with a good degree. But did it exist?

When I first came to university I thought that's what it was like, and that I wanted to be part of it. I have worked for a charity

same. I've been politically interested but not politically active. When we've sorted out the world, I've been done late at night, over books and papers, and I've been out on the streets. And that's ended up being just enough for me.

So, I'm no more radical than the next student. It would be hard to be in my university (now during the term of the millennium of City employers and no notice the legions of scrubbed-up students wandering the streets in freshly-cleaned suits on their way from interview to interview, parents and teachers here and I doubt that Oxford is very unusual in that.

Vacation activities for students today range from internships with large corporations to

there. It's a new selfishness that the one who says that everyone else is doing it. It's the same people who do it who say they like to make a virtue for the demands of everyday living.

What amazes me is that anyone is surprised about it. It's hardly a monumental or original comment, but this is the young generation which grew up in the eighties. The rhetoric they grew up with was the rhetoric of Thatcherism. Whether they regarded it critically or not, how could anyone come to adulthood in that time and miss the point that the time has come when there is nothing for nothing, the age of the Tebbit bicycle and everyone for him or herself?

Young people are rationally responding to changed circum-

desperate need to get a job, any job, which pays them a living wage.

More young people in higher education means they are entering the job market later and graduate competition is stiffer than it used to be. Strict controls on benefits mean that no one is going to pay for you to follow your principles. Young people might be young but the still need to eat, and principles have never paid very handsomely. The demands of many young people for standards of living are high, and the get-it-done-quick ethos has in many cases overtaken our desire to stand up for anything. The spending power of youth used to be what made the young

that to be said as a generationalist that too many of us no longer care the way to change the world. The protest march or working for the poverty-stricken reaches the developing world. Practical politics have moved further towards a centrist position; politics as bureaucracy rather than belief. Is it then any surprise that the young people of the moment find their political expression away from their choice of job, and put first the need to pay back debt, start saving for their old age and for the education of their children? Putting me first doesn't have to mean ignoring the issues which come second.

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1551/1552

28 Feb 1998

Uri Geller's mind power has bent spoons and cured his bulimia. Now it's produced a first novel

Would you believe it?



INTERVIEW: SABINE DURAND

URI GELLER, the Israeli spoon-bender, has experienced some major highs in his life and some equally impressive crash landings. Long before he pilaged the world's cutlery drawer in the seventies, he was a household name in Israel. "One minute the phone didn't stop ringing — producers, agents, impresarios; the next it's, 'Oi, Uri we saw you bend a spoon — do something else.' And Israel, being the biggest thing in woomph — down rock bottom."

Later, after he "went worldwide" it was his own ego that tripped him up, one short step from "hundreds of Rolaxes and private jets" to addiction and panic attacks. "The excess, the excessive lifestyle was killing me, it had to stop." So he is used to falling on his face is Uri Geller. But there is one occasion when it happened that still bothers him.

"I don't talk about it much because people believe I'm either mad or making it up," he told me. "I was in Manhattan. I was jogging home to my apartment and just before I arrived at my building I looked at the floor and I wasn't on the floor any more and the next thing I remembered I was thrown at something and I crashed through something on to a table and then fell on the floor. And I looked around and I was... you'll find it unbelievable, but I was in Ossining, a small town 36 miles out of Manhattan in the porch of a friend of mine's home. I showed his name Andrija Andrija" and it took him five minutes to find me. He went out of the house to look for footprints in the snow, but of course there were none."

If you ask Geller what happened that day he just doesn't know. "Was it a genuine teleportation? Or was it a dematerialisation? Unfortunately it only worked one way, and that evening his friend had to drive him all the way back to New York in his daughter's Volkswagen."

Uri Geller keeps his feet firmly on the ground these days. The first man to introduce "psychic phenomena" to television entertainment, who became known as the most famous paranormalist in the world, has pared down his public appearances (though he says the offers still pour in) and brought an end to the jet-set lifestyle. He's a vegetarian and exercise fanatic who rarely goes to parties. "I don't drink. I don't go to places where there will be cigarette smoke. It disturbs me, I can't stand it." He has halted his extracurricular activities, too — he used to douse for oil and gold for multinational mining companies and undertake counter-espionage for the CIA. He was happy to scramble KGB floppy discs and erase computer programmes but he put his foot down at killing Andropov. "They asked me to kill a pig... But I knew they meant Andropov."

In short, he lives the quiet existence of an author. There have been self-help books — Uri Geller's Fortune Secrets, Uri Geller's Mind Power Book, and Change Your Life in One Day — and now there is a novel, *Ella*, a disturbing tale about a young female anorexic psychic whose life follows a similar pattern to Geller's (Ella/Geller...) except not only can she bend spoons, she also ignites objects, creates disembodied sounds and levitates. "I wish I could do that," said Geller. "That's my dream. When Ella dies she turns into an angel, although whether a similar fate awaits Geller for the moment we will have to wait and see."

He lives, with his wife Hanna and two teenage children in a white house outside Henley with a garden running down to the Thames. It's a newish building created in "grand" style, which is to say with porticos and columns and a gold, mirrored lavatory in which the loo handle is in the shape of a



A fork in the road... Uri Geller in his Daimler covered with cutlery given to him by celebrities. This week he added another item from the Windsor auction

PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE

'I don't think we are going to build some kind of time machine. I think our minds will be able to teleport us'

swan's neck, but it's oddly miniaturised, like new houses sometimes are, like a doll's house. It is decorated like a doll's house too, with chairs made out of crystal and toys — a 4ft model plane, for example — that dwarf the furniture. There are piles of teddy bears — which Geller embeds with crystals and sends to sick children.

The Gellers have a gardener and a secretary cum organiser, Hanna's brother, Shipi. "We don't have maids," he said. "Hanna cooks. She cleans the house. In the past we had all that but we decided that simplicity is the best way. You're down to earth. You're together. There's no one there to interfere in your lives. I don't need someone cleaning my bedroom and my bathroom and my bed. It's just... I'm very personal. My underwear and so on."

Geller, as he should be after all those hours on the exercise bike (he cycles and writes simultaneously for an hour and a half — "that's 40 miles" — a day, is fit, fit, trim, trim, trim. The day I met him he was wearing sparkling white trainers, almost as bright as his neat top teeth, and a contrast to his jet black hair, dominant eyebrows and copious chest hair.

There is something rather feminine about his chiselled cheekbones and tiny darting hands. In manner, he is childlike, particularly when dramatising — with emphatic arm gestures and intense expression — the bizarre things that have occurred around him: "The next thing I remember was a ball of light in the sky — and a beam came out of it and hit me on the forehead." Or when proudly showing you one of his paintings. What does it represent? "It's the surface of another planet." And what are those strange objects? "Those are graves of astronauts that have visited and died."

But Geller, as the plot of *Ella* shows, has known much darkness in his life. He was born 51 years ago in Tel Aviv into poverty. He was bullied at school after objects started moving around — "I was regarded as a freak" — and beaten by his father. When he became famous, he was dominated by people who wanted to control his talents, particularly a scientist called Andrija Puharich (he of the transportation story). "He wanted to sign my life over to him. Everything."

Through all these things, Geller drew on his special powers. "I learnt through the downs and

darker days in my life that you can survive if you learn the ways of climbing out." And never more so than with his eating disorder, which coincided with the height of his fame and wealth.

"One day my driver drove me to my apartment, and I couldn't get out of the car I was so weak. I had to hold the roof and pull myself out. And as I was sort of struggling towards my apartment, I said, 'If I do not stop this now I'm going to die.' So in the middle of the street I screamed out, 'One, two, three STOP' and I stopped it. I just summoned my will power, instructed my psyche, my inner powers — whatever you want to call it, and that's it finished. I never vomited again." Which must have saved a lot in doctor and therapist bills.

Did he ever talk to Princess Diana about his bulimia? "I'd rather not talk about her," he replied, his eyes downcast. "But I can tell you that Fergie came here. She sat where you are now and we talked about many addictions, struggles in life."

Sportsmen come to see him. "Formula One drivers come; that helmet belongs to Jan Magnussen in Jackie Stewart's team. Footballers come. Ian Walker sat where

you are." During Euro 96 Geller put crystals by the goalposts at Wembley to encourage England to win. But they didn't, did they? "All the matches that I dropped the crystals in they did," he replied sharply.

Geller may have broadened his talents, but he still comes back to his party turn. He has a Daimler studded with cutlery from celebrities (including John Lennon and Elvis Presley, and this week he bought an item from the Windsor auction). He fetched a teaspoon from the kitchen just for me. It bent in fact it carried on bending after he'd put it down. (Disappointingly his mind can only bend certain objects. Thick metal, such as coins, is out of bounds.)

He also did some mind-reading. You draw a picture. He reads your mind and reproduces it. It didn't work first time (a boat). But he was quite close the second (a circle with a cross in it). It was impressive, though he did emphasise that my drawing should be "big and simple". In fact, he repeated the word "big" several times.

Still, he is a phenomenon. In his book *Soul Searching*, Nicholas Humphrey has shown how "psychics" with tricks up their sleeve can come to believe in their own

special powers by a combination of self-delusion, naturally occurring coincidence and the well-meaning collusion of others.

Geller is clearly his own biggest disciple. "I'm a believer," he said. He talked with equal conviction about the forces surrounding the Millennium ("There is some supernatural wave or vibration or frequency which is coming from the universe, something powerful, something bad, something good") as he did of his son's support of Third Division Exeter City ("My own explanation is that he must have lived in Devon or Exeter 100 or 200 years ago").

He hasn't given up hope of another teleportation experience. "I think it is some kind of automatic process with us, it's the sharpening of our inner powers, our mind, our brain, our spirit, our soul. I don't think we are going to build some kind of time machine. I think our minds will be able to teleport us." Gosh. "But I'm not talking around the corner," he said quickly, holding out his palms as if to hold back my excitement. "I'm talking 250,000 years from now."

Ella is published by Headline Feature on March 12, price £9.99.



SIMON HOGGART'S WEEK

An abiding monument to great British kitsch

I'VE always loved the idea of the Millennium Dome. I like public spending, and I especially like the idea of public spending on a splendid, over-the-top, ridiculous scale. The Eiffel Tower, Sydney Opera House, the Statue of Liberty — these were all thought absurd and overpriced at the time, but you can't imagine their cities being without them now. I expect when the Colossus of Rhodes went up people moaned that the money could have bought a new oracle-interpretation training school.

But the designs revealed this week are traditional in an older British way which the organisers probably never realised. They are totally, completely, dementedly kitsch. They are the contents of a Victorian sitting-room, or a 1970s kitchen-dinette, on a magnificent and grandiose scale, the exact equivalent of love lamps, bell jars full of stuffed birds, tapestries in the shape of country cottages, naked-lady bookends, coaching lanterns outside the door, TV sets disguised as Georgian cocktail cabi-

nets, furry toilet-seat covers and gigantic canvases of weeping maidens. The whole thing will not be a celebration of the future — such things always date with tremendous speed — but of something much deeper inside our society: our irredeemable lack of good taste. And none the worse for that at all.

A FRIEND who dined with her told me that Princess Margaret didn't just smoke between courses, but between mouthfuls. I only half believed him until I found myself seated at the next table in a Westminster restaurant, and she did precisely as billed. It was a little annoying, since the smoke constantly drifted over to spoil my own meal, but I didn't ask to move, partly because of some lingering fear of lese-majesty partly because the restaurant was full, mainly because I wanted to tell people about it later.

The princess is the last person in the world who expects to be treated like the Queen. Even the

Queen doesn't do that any more. She has dropped insisting that everyone finishes eating as soon as she does, or stays up until she goes to bed. Not her sister. This has the happy result of making the princess one of the finest kitsch citizens in millennial Britain.

THE French broadcasting authority is to impose penalties on a pop radio station called Vibration for refusing to play the national quota of 40 per cent French language records. The outraged authority has discovered that four of the five records it plays are "Anglo Saxon", and the punishment will be announced in six months' time.

The French just don't get it, do they? In their minds cross-cultural miscegenation is a one-way traffic. We take the same view of their pop music (Mon Papa A Moi Est Un Gangster by Stormy Buggy is, I see, at number nine in their charts) that they take of our cooking. But imagine laws obliging all restaurants in Britain to serve at

least 40 per cent British food, so that Le Gavroche would be forced by statute to include mushy peas, sausage toad and deep-fried savoyons along with their specialities. Making pop stations play awful local music is no different.

LIKE most people I was deeply moved by the Arundel Tomb in

The Encyclopedia Of One-Liners by Henry Youngman contains 10,000 jokes of which three at most are funny

Chichester Cathedral, the one with statues of the medieval aristocrat and his wife who have lain hand in hand for nearly 700 years. They are the inspiration for Philip Larkin's best-known poem. This week we learned from a California court that Hain Ngor, the actor who survived the Khmer

Rouge in Cambodia, then escaped to America and appeared in *The Killing Fields*, had been murdered because he refused to give up a picture of his wife. She had died, pregnant with their child, as a prisoner during the terror, and the photograph was the only relic of her he still possessed. A street gang in Los Angeles shot him because he refused to hand over the gold locket in which he kept it. To live through all that, and then to choose death, clutching that is left of the one great passion of your life! The story should make Hain Ngor into a symbol of emotional power and resilience as great as the Earl and Countess on the tomb, and just as evocative of Larkin's final, lapidary line, "What will survive of us is love."

A MONTH after Bob Hope received an honorary knighthood another, less well-known English-born comedian, has died. Henry Youngman was 91. He was born here because his parents, Jewish emigrants to New York, had come to London on honeymoon but

couldn't afford the fare home. I have a cherished book, *The Encyclopedia Of One-Liners* by Henry Youngman, which contains 10,000 jokes — of which three at most are funny. "I went to a psychiatrist. He told me I was crazy. I said I wanted a second opinion. He said, 'Okay, you're ugly too.'"

That was about as good as it ever got, but the jokes came at such bewildering speed, sometimes five a minute, that it didn't seem to matter. "Time heals all things — except a leaky radiator." "My hotel is so swanky, even the guests have to use the services entrance." "Some husbands are very versatile — they can't do anything." "Terrible gags poured out in a tumbling stream, and he wrote them all himself. 'Show me an ap-ary, and I'll show you a bee flat.' "A nudist is a person who grins and bares it." "Now and again he would pick up his violin, or repeat his one catchphrase: 'Take my wife — pub-lease!' It was awful, yet somehow irresistible, and I'd rather have watched him than the dreary Sir Bob Hope any night.

Posing a dilemma

HEAD TO HEAD: SHOULD THIS GIRL, 13, POSE FOR PICTURES LIKE THIS?



Yes
Phil Jeremy
Elizabeth's agent



No
Sandra Howard
Sixties model

Dear Phil Jeremy,

I am sure I am not alone in having felt thoroughly unsettled by the sight of a 13-year-old schoolgirl posing provocatively as an adult model. I know about modelling and agents, studios and photographers. Before you say "Times have changed, forget the swinging sixties", this is the same girl. I did a photographic session last week. I have a daughter of 20. The pitfalls are greater than ever: young people are vulnerable in any decade.

A very young girl turns up at a studio. Her mother may or may not be with her. "Hair" and "make-up" are ready for her. They tell her what fabulous skin she has; what eyes, what hair, what teeth. They chat. They are used to grown-up girls and they may camp things up. It's not the chatter of her mates at school.

Posing as a child is one thing — make-up and hair would be minimal. But they are creating a persona, a false illusion. She steps into a slip of a dress, main-line Donna Karan? There is no privacy for changing. Then the photographer gets going.

To get a good picture he must flatter and cajole. He has a young male assistant. He urges her body into interesting angles; it's not easy, she may feel awkward and a little stressed. Is it worth it? Surely hockey and schoolgirl fun come first — heady hopes of stardom can and should wait till GCSEs, at the very least, are in the bag.

Yours sincerely,
Sandra Howard

Dear Sandra Howard,

First of all I do not think the pictures of Elizabeth were provocative. The shot which got all the attention was done as part of a test shoot for teenage magazines. It was never taken as a sexy shot. It's a nice photograph in which she looks sophisticated and classy; in other pictures she looks much more casual and totally different.

In fact those shots were meant to be used for a lifestyle piece but then the newspaper involved took them out of context and decided to make an issue of them. We would never let any girl under 16 go to a shoot without her mother or a representative of the agency chaperoning her. They would never be left alone in the hands of these "terrible people" you are talking about. And she certainly wouldn't be put into a "slip of

a dress", no matter who it was designed by. I don't know if people were chaperoned in your modelling days but they are now. By the time someone who started as a child model is 16 or 17 they may move towards the teenage or adult market but they will have been chaperoned for at least three or four years and I would expect them to be totally balanced and unfazed by it all.

No one complains when catalogues use 11- and 12-year-olds to promote clothes. As for Elizabeth losing out on her youth, there is no reason why she can't study for her GCSEs, play hockey and still have dreams of being a model.

I am sure if we took 500 different photos of yourself, we would produce a myriad of different images.

Yours,
Phil Jeremy
ModelPlan agency

Dear Phil,

I accept that the particular, well-publicised set of pictures we are discussing were not overtly sexy. They were more subtle and pretty. But they encouraged us to think the model was older than 13.

Lipstick and a sophisticated chignon are not a 13-year-old's uniform. The newspaper involved probably "decided to make an issue of them" for the very good reason that it is disquieting to see children portrayed as glamorous models. It sets a dangerous precedent for tempting other 13-year-olds into modelling. Everyone knows large sums of money are at stake. I did not assert that a very young girl would not be chaperoned (I said her mother may or may not be with her) and of course children acting or modelling in their own age group will always be looked after and treated as children; they may get a bit precocious but that's part of the course.

Nor did I refer to any "terrible people" as you wrongly suggest. I was describing the busy professionals who are part of the scene on a photographic fashion session: make-up artist, hairdressers, photographers, an art director and fashion editor or two. They are almost invariably friendly, whacky, good at what they do — but too busy to be super-sensitive as to what might turn a child's head. It's routine to flatter and pander to models. Experienced models take any "over-the-top" patter and banter in their stride. Childhood is precious. Women



Model behaviour? ... the picture of Elizabeth Preston that stirred up controversy this week

hood comes all too soon. You haven't the process at your peril.

Yours,
Sandra

Dear Sandra,

I'm delighted you've kindly accepted my explanation that Elizabeth's photograph was taken out of context. The irony is that the media has made a great song and dance this week about the picture, but it was the way the media chose to make use of the photograph that was so dubious.

We had no intention of portraying Elizabeth as a glamorous model; we wanted merely to portray her as a pretty teenager. We have plenty of glamorous 20- and 21-year-olds on our books — we don't need a girl aged 13 to do that for us. As one newspaper put it to us: "You were stitched up, Phil". The papers who accused us of exploiting Elizabeth used her image in an irresponsible way, not to make a genuine point about teenage models but to sell papers.

I would suggest that a girl who has been chaperoned in the fashion industry from the age of 13 is actually better protected and better equipped to cope than a girl who enters fresh at 16 or 17 without a clue and with no help or support and who often finds herself in trouble very quickly. There's nothing I can see wrong about encouraging young girls to take on suitable mod-

elling jobs, such as selling a new brand of clothes targeted specifically at the teenage market. It happens all the time. Maybe you even did it yourself, Sandra, when you were young?

Yours,
Phil

Dear Phil,

I am sorry to say I found your latest reply quite disingenuous. I did not say and do not think a photograph of a 13-year-old dressed up to look like a young woman can be taken out of context. No special effects were used.

Photographs are not like interviews where a key sentence can be left out and a totally different impression given. To say the paper used her image in an irresponsible way does not stand up when she has signed on at an agency and is available for work. Twelve- to 15-year-old girls can be very wilful. I know! To imagine a schoolgirl model could be constantly and completely chaperoned and protected is to delude yourself. If she is regularly working in a studio around London, she will be exposed to a highly sophisticated adult world.

The money and all the attention could so easily go to her head. And it would be sad to have seen it all and done it all before the exams are taken. The results do matter — education matters. Parents need to be so vigilant; there's a time and a

place for everything. Modelling careers and school days are not a good mix like gin and tonic. Schooldays are for sport, music, drama... and work. Modelling, at this stage, is for dreams.

Yours,
Sandra

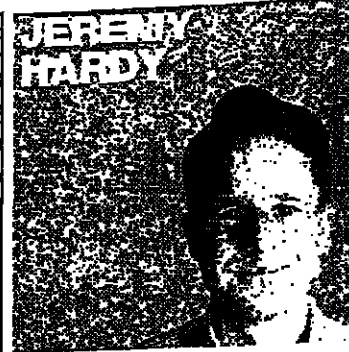
Dear Sandra,

It certainly was not my intention to be flippant. It is not in my nature. I admit the shot was taken but I stand by the fact that we were in no way trying to give Elizabeth a "sexy" image. I agree 13-year-old girls are wilful but I am not deluding myself. It is the law of this country that she will be chaperoned until the age of 16. Far be it from me to take away anyone's teenage years, but if Elizabeth or her parents don't want her to model, she wouldn't.

This whole affair has been blown up by people outside the industry. All week I have had nothing but support from people inside the industry. I think these are serious issues but teenage modelling is nothing new. Pick up any catalogue and you will see 11- and 12-year-olds modelling. Does advertising lead the market or vice versa?

You are welcome to see the rest of Elizabeth's portfolio; I'm sure you'd be pleasantly surprised. I believe you are a very attractive woman. Any chance of representing you?

Yours,
Phil



Tread softly when you come into my manor

I like a march as much as the next man; partly because it enables me to get across London in half the time it takes by car. But, as a city-dweller, I find it irksome to see rural people tramping through our streets with no regard for our urban ways. Townsfolk are politically aware; we have a sensitivity to the delicate balance of ideas and emotions. But these country dwellers think a street is just a scenic route lined with pretty shops. They don't realise that swathed foreign labour has put a lot of the things in those shops, and that all those inviting-looking vegetables in greengrocers' windows have to be washed clean of all the filthy pesticides that inconsiderate farmers have left all over them.

What do they know of the inner city? Have they heard of the Highway Code? Do they even realise that we in town are not allowed to drive at 70mph down a narrow road, completely pissed? They know nothing of civic existence. Would it ever occur to them to welcome a new neighbour, rather than shun them for 30 years? Do they ever stop to ask themselves whether it's such a bad thing that a person they've never seen before has walked into their pub? The closest they've ever got to multiculturalism is European subsidy.

Village dwellers speak of wilderness but how many of them have been to Wolverhampton, and experienced its awesome silent bleakness? They speak of their intimacy and co-existence with nature but don't realise that Londoners live alongside foxes peacefully and with mutual respect.

What the marchers will enjoy tomorrow is a squeaky-clean, sanitised version of demonstrating, with smiling bobbies showing them the way. It's usually only in Northern Ireland that we see unstrictly marching. The Orange Order go where they like, and it causes huge expense to the RUC, especially the ones who are on the march and have to buy all the funny gear. In Britain, when a march is mooted, there are usually months of negotiation, during which we try to find a route that won't take us under the hooves of police horses.

I dare say that, in the country, a horse is an elegant beast, kitted-out in the same kind of tackle that is proudly displayed in traditional country pubs, alongside the gaming-machine and the blackboard advertising home-microwaved Country Fare, the country being Ireland. How many of these Sunday marchers have seen a real horse, in all its cruel crowd-control equipment? How many of them have seen a minor or a photographer flattened by a mounted officer playing head-polo with a 3ft baton?

I don't suppose many of them even know that coal is dug from the ground, or that it used to be harvested here instead of being imported from abroad in nice sealed containers. They speak of their rural livelihoods but will never have seen a whole town disappear under weeds because its industry was shut down by the squires' party. People living in country mansions like to think that they have an appreciation of industry, but all that means is that they have a little factory in town that they pop down to whenever they can.

True, there will be workers on the march tomorrow; some of the worst-paid workers in the country. But they are marching in a very different spirit from those who marched with Wat Tyler because those peasants marched of their own free will; and, on arrival in London, they were butchered by the ruling class instead of hearing rousing speeches from them. The similarity, I suppose, is that on that occasion, as on this one, the rural poor trusted their betters and got shafted by them.

Given that confrontational politics is supposed to be in the dustbin of history now that we live in an inclusive, classless pleasure dome, it's funny that there are as many demos as ever there were. Those on the Right only march occasionally because they haven't got much stomach for it. It's all very well being warmed by a roaring beacon, well-lit with logs donated by a local landowner, but standing around a small brazier for months or years is a bit more daunting.

As for Liberals, they are pretty good marchers, having strong legs as a result of cycling a lot. But they

What the marchers will see tomorrow is a squeaky-clean, sanitised version of demonstrating

are strangely detached from the body of a demonstration. They want it known that they see each issue as a stand-alone cause. It never occurs to a Liberal that there might be a pattern to these things, that a government which deregulates animal feed and casualises labour does both things for the same reason. A Liberal will never be seen with a union placard or one printed by a left-wing party. They make their own using some card and a big blue marker to announce the slogan, "Please Stop This Madness Now — If At All Possible", which is a bugger of a chant to get behind.

I guess that the complexity of modern capitalism will mean that there are or less everyone will find themselves drawn into demonstrating in future, whether they are vegetarians stopping lorries in an effort to halt the export of live animals, or farmers stopping lorries in an effort to force people to eat diseased animals.

And I have to say that I hope it all kicks off tomorrow and that there's trouble on the march, just as there has been in sleepy seaside towns from which lambs are exported. I say this because, unless there's an incident tomorrow, the countryside will go home with the same sentimental, rosy-spectacled notions of policing as they have now.

But I suspect that the deer-stalkers and ferret-molesters will enjoy freedom of the city unchallenged as they wave their "Listen To Us" banners. It'll be the dissident locals waving "No — shove off" placards who get bundled into vans.

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Squaring up to change at the Apple's core

Ed Vulliamy says farewell to the famously raunchy old Times Square

Times Square is known as the "crossroads of the world". But only for a few more days. Next Tuesday, as a vast ad for underwear proclaims, "it all comes down". A veil of canvas will be flung aside, revealing bright hoardings promising "The New Times Square".

Mayor Giuliani's sweetened and polished Big Apple does not like the busters and midnight cowboys who have wandered in from out of town. New York City prefers to remove this perceived rotteness and present the millions of gawping Midwesterners and foreign tourists with something more wholesome.

Most of the sex shops have already gone. In their place The Disney Store now stands, with a giant American Express Card

with Mickey Mouse ears sticking out of it.

Times Square is dead. Long live the "Times Square Business Improvement District".

It was born by another name: Longacre Square, named after the street in London's Covent Garden and once a hive of pickpockets. The triangle (it was never a square) was bought in 1902 by Adolph Ochs, who had purchased the faltering New York Times in 1896. Ochs tore down the existing Pabst Tower and constructed instead the extraordinary Times Tower, then the city's second tallest skyscraper, which resembled Giotto's campanile in Florence. New York's aldermen gave the square its new name in 1904, and it quickly became a rallying

point for citizens on days of public importance. Days like October 27 that year, when the first subway train made its maiden voyage. "Men fought, kicked and pummeled each other in their mad desire to reach the ticket office", and a \$500 diamond brooch was stolen in the crush, fittingly on day one.

In 1908, the Times instituted its annual custom of saluting the New Year by lowering a ball down the tower's spire, thus founding the present-day drunken celebrations. The newspaper stayed only 10 years but left its legacy: the results of the 1929 election were relayed on an electronic screen. The "news ticker" stayed.

And a good thing too. UPI had

reported wrongly that the first world war ended on November 7, 1918, and Enrico Caruso duly stepped out on to the balcony of the Hotel Knickerbocker, on the square, to announce the peace and sing the Star-Spangled Banner, denouncing wild but premature celebrations.

By this time, Times Square had found its role: the theatre. Oscar Hammerstein, so-called Father of Times Square, had opened the Olympia in 1895. Hammerstein's Show Boat opened in 1927 and the Gershwin's Girl Crazy opened in 1930, the same year as the League of New York Theatres was founded to "protect the general public and patrons of the theatres against the evils of speculation in theatre tickets".

Light fantastic ... Times Square PHOTOGRAPH: DON MOPPES

The glittering theatreland brought fame worldwide: Fred Astaire and Katharine Hepburn appeared here. Even wartime brought the golden age of the musical — Oklahoma, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Guys and Dolls, Cabaret... and fame brought the crowds. The crowds drew bigger crowds, and bigger crowds drew the kind of people that Disney wants to sweep away.

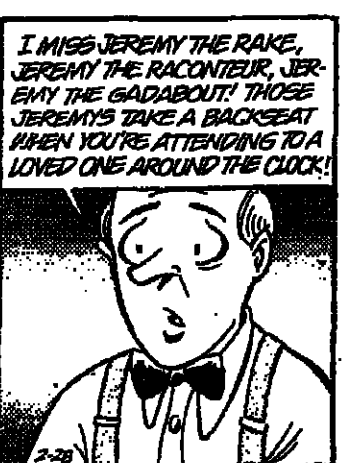
The clean-up was Disney's condition for his plans to turn the crossroads of the world into a family theme-park history of itself. Purchase of the real estate was a pushover. The whole neighbourhood was owned by half-a-dozen old Jewish families who were understandably impressed by the kind of money Disney offered.

So what of the new Times Square? There are some thrilling architectural plans. And now you can have a cappuccino or play mini-golf in the Port Authority building. British Airways has built a giant model Concorde on a roof and Madame Tussaud's is next.

"There was a poem in the 1950s: 'They call it Broadway, but what's in a name? / New York ain't New York no more.' And that was then.

Smallweed is on holiday.

Doonesbury



THE BEST OF MY WEEK...

...SAYS ACTOR SAM BARRISCAL: "Was the press attention surrounding the death of John Archer, my character, which has been phenomenal. On Wednesday and Thursday I sat in my living room with the phone in my left hand and a mug of black coffee in my right. The phone rang constantly from 8am until 7pm with journalists posing as Archers addicts, all of whom wrote wonderful, flattering articles. It has been a fantastic two days of a wonderful week."

07000 999 356

150th

As a force for change, its influence has been surpassed only by the Bible. As a piece of writing, it is a masterpiece. The Communist Manifesto is 150 this week. **Eric Hobsbawm** pays homage to the pamphlet that conquered the world, while **Richard Boston**, bottom, traces the turbulent times out of which it emerged

23 pages that shook the world



Cover of the first edition, Manifesto of the Communist Party, published in February 1848, printed at 48 Liverpool Street, London. It includes the famous rallying cry 'Working men of all countries, unite!'

This month we commemorate the 150th anniversary of the publication of a small pamphlet in German which is by far the most influential single piece of political writing since the French Revolutionary Declaration of the Rights of Man. It was 23 pages long and by good luck it hit the streets only a week or two before the outbreak of the 1848 revolutions which spread like a forest fire from Paris across Europe, but dropped out of sight with the failure of the revolutions. An English translation was published in 1850 but that too sank without trace. Yet in the next 40 years the manifesto conquered the world, carried forward by the rise of the new (socialist) labour parties in which the Marxist influence rapidly increased in the 1890s. Even before the Russian Revolution of 1917 it had been issued in several hundred editions in some 30 languages, including three editions in Japanese and one in Chinese.

A cheap edition published in 1939 by the official publishing houses of the American and British Communist Parties in "hundreds of thousands" of copies, has been described as "probably the largest mass edition ever issued in English". In short, it grew to become not only a classic Marxist document, but also a political classic *tout court*.

It remains one, even after the end of Soviet communism and the decline of Marxist parties and movements in many parts of the world. This astonishing masterpiece still has plenty to say to the world on the eve of the 21st century. It was, of course, written for a particular moment in history. Some of it became obsolete almost immediately, and with the lapse of time its language was no longer that of its readers. Terms such as "Stand" (estate), "Demokratie" (democracy) and "Nation" (national) seemed very little application to late 20th-century politics or no longer have the meaning they had in the 1840s.

For example, the "Communist Party" whose manifesto our text claimed to be, had nothing to do with the parties of modern democratic politics, let alone the state parties of the Soviet type, none of which as yet existed. "Party" still meant essentially a tendency or current of opinion or policy.

Having said that, how will the manifesto strike the reader who comes to it for the first time in 1998?

They can hardly fail to be swept away by its passionate conviction, its concentrated brevity, the intellectual and stylistic force.

It is written, as though in a single creative burst, in lapidary sentences almost naturally transforming themselves into the aphorisms known far beyond the world of political debate: from the opening "A spectre is haunting Europe — the spectre of communism" to the final "The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have the world to win." The manifesto as political rhetoric has an almost biblical force. In short, it is impossible to deny its compelling power as literature.

What will undoubtedly also strike the contemporary reader is its remarkable diagnosis of the revolutionary character and impact of "bourgeois society". The point is not simply that Marx recognised and proclaimed the extraordinary achievements and dynamism of a society he decried, to the surprise of more than one later defender of capitalism against the red menace. It is that the world transformed by capitalism which he described in 1848, is recognisably the world in which we live 150 years later.

What gives the manifesto its

force are two things. The first is its vision that capitalism was not permanent, stable, "the end of history", but a temporary phase in the history of humanity and, like its predecessors, one due to be superseded by another kind of society.

The second is its recognition of the necessary long-term historical tendencies of capitalist development. Marx and Engels described not the world as it had already been transformed by capitalism in 1848, but predicted how it was logically destined to be transformed by it.

We now live in a world in which this transformation has largely taken place. We can even see the force of the manifesto's predictions more clearly than the generations between us and its publication. Until the revolution in transport and communications since the second world war there were limits to the globalisation of production, to "giving a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country".

Before the 1960s, the manifesto's announcement that capitalism brought about the destruction of the family seemed not to have been verified, even in the advanced western countries where today something like half the children are

born to, or brought up by, single mothers, and half of all households in big cities consist of single persons. In short, what might in 1848 have struck an uncommitted reader as revolutionary rhetoric or, at best, as plausible prediction, can now be read as a concise characterisation of capitalism at the end of the 20th century. Of what other document of the 1840s can this be said?

If at the end of the millennium we must be struck by the acuteness of the manifesto's vision of a massively globalised capitalism, the failure of another of its forecasts is equally striking. It is now evident that the bourgeoisie has not produced "above all, its own gravediggers" in the proletariat. "Its fall and the victory of the proletariat" have not proved "equally inevitable".

What is wrong is not the prediction of the central role of the political movements of the working class, improbable though it looked in 1848, the politics of most European capitalist countries were to be transformed by the rise of organised political movements basing themselves on the class

conscious working class. Labour and socialist parties emerged in most parts of the "developed" world in the 1880s and became mass parties. Social democracy is fighting a rearguard action in the 1990s and descendants of the social-democratic parties of the Second International are the parties of government in all except two European states (Spain and Germany).

What is wrong is the proposition that "of all the classes that confront the bourgeoisie today, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class", whose inevitable destiny is to overthrow the bourgeoisie.

Given the enormous economic potential of capitalism, why was it inevitable that it could not provide a livelihood, however miserable, for most of its working class, or alternatively, that it could not afford a welfare system?

What the analysis of capitalism could undoubtedly lead to, which is barely hinted at in 1848, is a more general and less specific conclusion about the self-destructive forces built into capitalist development. It must reach a point — and in 1998 not only Marxists will accept this — where "modern bourgeois society, which has conjured up such gigantic means of production and

In the year of revolt

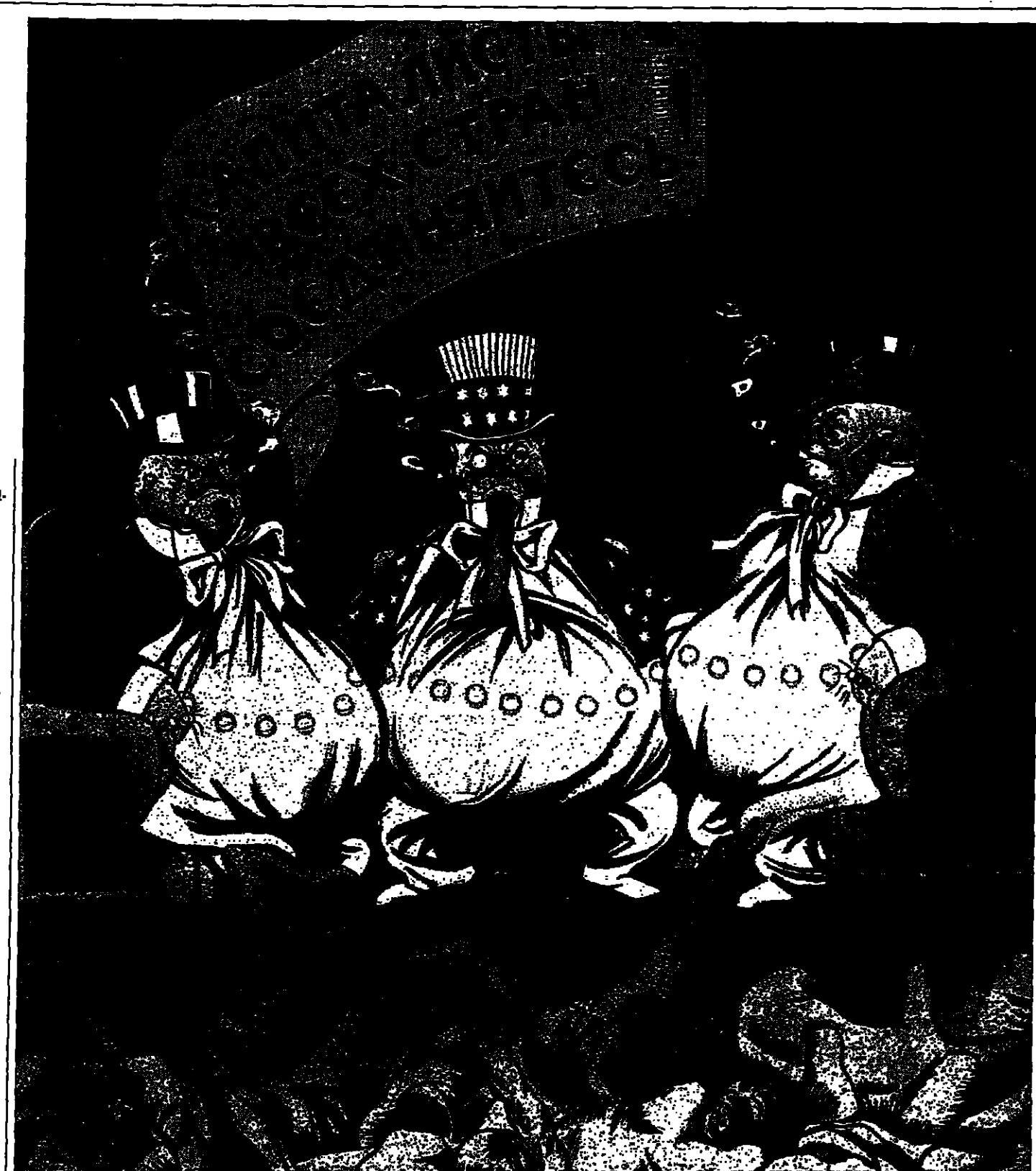
Paris and revolution make a neat mixture, full of optimism, excitement and idealism. In 1848 the barricades went up in working-class areas. Louis Philippe decided that at 75, the time had come to take early retirement. Abdicating at top speed he followed in the footsteps of his predecessor Charles X and under the name of Captain Smith set sail for exile in England.

A provisional government was formed under a leadership that included the poet Lamartine, the journalist Louis Blanc, and a Monsieur Dupont. Slavery was abolished, as was monarchy "without possibility of return". A Right to Work was decreed and National Workshops were set up. The vote was extended to men over 21, thereby increasing the electorate from quarter of a million to nine million.

For Wordsworth half a century earlier it had been bliss in that dawn to be alive, and to be young was very heaven. So it was in the May events of 1848 and so it was in 1948. Baudelaire said it was a time when mankind went in search of happiness. The Russian anarchist Michael Bakunin "breathed through all my senses and through all my pores the intoxication of the revolutionary atmosphere. It was a holiday without beginning and without end."

It was the Springtime of the People, and the Paris fashion immediately caught on throughout the capitals of Europe, with uprisings and confrontations in Vienna, Prague, Budapest, Berlin, Munich, Milan, Rome, the Netherlands, Denmark, and pretty well wherever you looked. Monarchies were tumbling everywhere, the Pope had to leave Rome, Ott went Metternich (who had been resisting change in any form for 40 years) and into the history books entered such names as Proudhon, Kossuth and Garibaldi.

The most exotic name was that of Lola Montez. This early star dancer and prodigious liar had been shocking Europe for some time. She wore trousers, smoked like a chimney, swore fluently in many languages, had a furious temper and countless love affairs. Having scandalised India, Ireland, England and France she went on to a tempestuous affair with Prince Heinrich of the Seventy-second of Baden-Ludwigstein-Eberstadt, known to his subjects as Serenissimus. Soon expelled from his Lipputation domain (a short journey, as she tartly pointed out) Lola unsuccessfully pursued King Ludwig of Bavaria, a poet, alcoholic, bureaucrat and father of eight children. At the end of her first 12 months (the meticulous King calculated) Lola had cost him



100,992 florins and 53 kreutzers (a Cabinet minister's salary was 6,000 florins). Even so she over-spent wildly. Her behaviour did more than shock respectable society. It led to public disorder. Police and military were increasingly reluctant to protect her, and some guardsmen simply refused. She had to go. Ludwig, having published a poem on ingratitude addressed to the Bavarian people, abdicated.

For the life-long full-time revolutionary Michael Bakunin, 1848 was his kind of year. He dreamed of universal conflagration — "the whole of Europe, with St Petersburg, Paris and London, transformed into an enormous rubbish heap".

Bakunin was a huge bear of a man with a great gift for oratory. Without a cause to lead in his native Russia he had to seek out revolutions abroad, and suddenly they were breaking out everywhere. He did a sort of revolutionary Grand Tour. As soon as he heard the news of February 1848

he rushed to Paris and served with the Workers' National Guard. The revolutionary Prefect of Police commented of him: "What a man! The first day of the revolution he is a perfect treasure, but on the next day he ought to be shot." Instead of shooting him the Provisional Government lent him 2,000 francs to go and start a revolution in Poland.

While on the Continent all these revolutions were going on, Britain stood apart politically as well as geographically. This national aloofness was not simply a matter of Euro-scepticism. The European revolutions came from the demand for reform and/or from anti-monarchism and a nationalist urge to throw off foreign rule (notably the Austro-Hungarian Empire). The conditions were not at all the same in Britain, where we had behind us Magna Carta, Habeas Corpus, the Civil War, the Glorious Revolution and, most recently, the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. We had a free (ish) press, and the House of Commons

had ruled for some 200 years. We hadn't had a war against France for some time and Palmerston and Wellington warned of lack of preparedness against invasion. A more likely threat to the ruling classes was at home. The Chartists called for a Convention on April 14.

Their leader Feargus O'Connor claimed there were 5,700,000 signatures on the Petition that they would take in procession to the House of Commons. The procession was forbidden. Revolution was in the air. People were singing the Marseillaise. Queen Victoria left Buckingham Palace for safety.

Since the Chartists were to meet south of the Thames at Kennington Common, holding the bridge was all that was needed to prevent a move on Westminster. Half a million Chartists were expected but in the event there were probably about 150,000. At any rate it was a hugely greater number than had been involved in recent weeks in toppling thrones all over Europe. Against them were the police

and the 170,000 specials sworn in, including Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a great many stout gentlemen and their servants, and the staff of such institutions as the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange. Shops and large houses were barricaded, and sandbags were piled up outside Downing Street, the Foreign Office and other public buildings. At the General Post Office they had hand grenades, at the British Museum muskets. Palmerston blocked the windows of the Foreign Office with bound copies of the Times and issued the staff with cutlasses and muskets.

What's more, there was the Duke of Wellington with some 8,000 troops. He disposed these forces about the City and the West End but did so inconspicuously, hoping that the matter would be dealt with by the police and the specials.

On learning of the massive reception waiting for them, the unarmed Chartists decided to deliver the Petition and abandon

Manifesto slogans for the revolution

'A spectre is haunting Europe — the spectre of communism'

'The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.'

'The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggle'

'WORKING MEN OF ALL COUNTRIES, UNITE'



the Procession. There was some fighting, but pouring rain was as effective as the specials in dispersing the crowd. The Duke's soldiers were not needed. At Westminster the signatures on the Petition were counted and were found not to have nearly six million signatures but fewer than two million.

On the Continent the revolutions fared no better. In France the Assembly emerged as increasingly conservative. In June the barricades were up again, General Cavaignac was called in and some 3,000 people were massacred. The Assembly applauded Cavaignac. Louis Blanc went into exile in England and Lamartine announced that the Republic was dead. By the end of the year Louis Napoleon had been elected President.

After a 12-year reign and numerous insurrections, the Austro-Hungarian Emperor Ferdinand abdicated and was succeeded by his nephew who reigned as Franz Josef I until 1916. One after the other the revolutions were

crushed, the kings crept back to their thrones, and the Pope to the Vatican. But monarchy was not as absolute as it had been. Historians from the winning side have played down the real achievements of 1848. This is especially true of the apparent collapse of Chartism. The People's Charter had six points — manhood suffrage, the ballot, equal electoral districts, abolition of property qualifications for MPs, payment for MPs and annual Parliaments. All but the last of these passed into law. As defeats go it was pretty successful.

With the benefit of 150 years of hindsight the most important events of the year may prove to be ones that went without attention at the time. The publication of the Marx-Engels Manifesto of the Communist Party had no influence at all on the 1848 revolutions since at the time hardly anyone had read it. Its importance came much later. As for its future significance, even Professor Hobsbawm leaves this as an open question for the next century to answer. **RS**

CHANNEL SURFING
ADAM SWEETING

The war whores

War! What is it good for? demanded Edwin Starr in 1970. A number of things, actually, Edwin. It boosts employment and exports for arms manufacturers, which translates into votes at election time. Any president who ever got his foreskin pinched in his zip knows that war is the surest way to divert the electorate's attention. And wars don't hurt TV ratings, either.

Gulf War II: This time it's Personal has been temporarily deferred, but TV schedulers weren't missing an opportunity to steam in with slabs of bellicose programming.

Disputes on Channel 4 was a shattering account of what Saddam's chemical attacks have done to the Iraqi Kurds, though it was hard to decide whether its thrust was anti-Saddam or anti-warfare. The same channel also kicked off its new three-part series, **Rippon**, an investigation of "future weaponry" being developed by Britain's Defence Evaluation and Research Agency.

We followed the DERA botkins as they tested the electronic battlefield systems known in the acronym war that accompanies all military endeavours, as **FIST** (Future Infantry Soldier Technology). It was chaos, with farce in hot pursuit. Although **FIST** appeared totally useless, the Ministry of Defence decided to commit a further £4 million to it anyway.

Yet the **Disputes** film was about the aftermath of war rather than live combat, while **War Machine** isn't concerned with the traumatic fallout from friendly fire, or the mangled babies that **FIST** will inevitably cause. In an age of news management and moral squeamishness, can TV deal adequately with war as it happens? People gaily tell opinion polls that we should bomb Saddam and send British troops into Iraq, but they don't want to watch the grisly consequences on TV.

Interviewed on *Face To Face*

(BBC2) recently, former war reporter Martin Bell remarked that even supposedly hard-news programmes bank at the sight of real blood. The drama of war provides an adrenaline shot into the heart of a slow-moving programme, but its true, disgusting nature doesn't reveal itself.

This seems ironic, since it was during the Vietnam war that television news reporting came of age. Its horrifying immediacy was considered a vital factor in bringing about American withdrawal. But during the 1991 Gulf war, news organisations were carefully corralled and fed a meagre diet of official Coalition propaganda. If Gulf War II does come, news management will be draconian.

Too often, TV seeks refuge in the Boys' Own aspects of war, focusing on the technical aspects of war machinery. It's the Clarkisation of armed combat, in which lethal weapons are treated as though they were sports cars, or the computer games they're increasingly inclined to resemble. *The Discovery Channel* is the spiritual home of this sort of material, and is crammed with films about warplanes of the Luftwaffe, tanks and special forces units. You get another whiff of it on BBC2's *Decisive Weapons*, with its rock-fisted assessments of the Huey helicopter or the T34 tank.

If Channel 4's disastrous *Game Of War*, with Angela Rippon bossily marshalling her generals to re-enact classic battles in a studio sandpit, was the nadir of televised warfare, it is

We tell opinion polls we should bomb Saddam, but we don't want to watch the grisly results on TV

still possible for television to convey an inkling of what it's really like to be caught on a battlefield. Historian Richard Holmes managed it in his BBC2 series *War Walks*, conjuring up vivid impressions of what it was like to be steamrollered by the German Blitzkrieg, or to have been a Londoner terrorised by the Luftwaffe during the Blitz.

But 33 years ago, the BBC decided that the most memorable war programme ever made for TV was too ghastly to broadcast. It was Peter Watkins's film *The War Game*, a pseudo-documentary about a nuclear attack on Britain. Watkins wanted to demonstrate that we can never be prepared for warfare at its most extreme. Why don't they show it next week, right after Wednesday's Lottery draw?

Corpses walk, ghosts appear, the living play dead... life and afterlife mingle in *The Other Place's* night of Irish plays. The result is like nothing on earth, says **Michael Billington**

Death becomes Eire

THE REVIVALS

In Irish drama the dead are ever-present: their voices continue to haunt one from beyond the grave. In a week that has seen *The Weir* transfer to the Royal Court's main stage, it is astonishing to go to Stratford's *The Other Place* and be reminded of its theatrical ancestry by a rare revival of three short Irish plays. Synge's *Riders To The Sea* and *The Shadow Of The Glen* (1903-4) and Yeats's *Purgatory* (1938) are linked under the title *Shadows*, and, in John Crowley's production, form an outstanding trilogy.

Yeats and Synge make a natural pair. Both came from the Anglo-Irish Protestant tradition, both were ambivalent in their attitude to the Irish people, both were fascinated by the stark solitude of peasant life. Indeed, it was Yeats who, on meeting Synge in Paris in the 1890s, told him, "Go to the Aran Islands. Live there as if you were one of the people themselves; express a life that has never found expression."

The initial result was *Riders To The Sea*, played first in this trio and overwhelming in its tragic impact. It deals with a mother, Maurya, who has already lost a husband and five sons to the sea and withholds her blessing from a sixth, Bartley who rides off on a red mare to certain death. Synge paints a vivid picture of a fatalistic universe in which the sea, as TR Hemm said, "is the tyrant-god full of mystery and power".

There is a danger of generalised lamentation, but Crowley keeps everything sharp and economical. Angela Davies's design is dominated by bare boards, a table, a turf fire and a solitary rock. And Stella McCusker plays Maurya not as some wallowing widow or universal earth-mother, but as a woman who has grown accustomed to loss. In two extraordinary touches, Crowley stresses the arbitrary division in Irish drama between death and life: rather than being borne in on a plank, the dead Bartley walks into the room and assumes his natural place on the table. At the end, Maurya tips over his corpse and the characters launch into a wake full of dancing, drinking and kissing.

This puts the play in the context of Irish drama — one thinks of the corpse in Behan's *The Hostage* that sits up and sings. "The bells of hell go tinkle-tinkle-ling..." and leads beautifully into Synge's *The Shadow Of The Glen*. This is a dark-edged farce in which Nora, a

Rising: David Babani



Up... At 15, the budding impresario takes over his school's drama department. By 18, he's producing at his local theatre. Up... He stages a hit version of *Sondheim's Assassins*, winning plaudits from the composer. And away... At 20, he's now London's youngest artistic director, at the Jermy Street Theatre.

Falling: Oasis



Going... Our most popular band since the Beatles are eclipsed at awards ceremonies everywhere by erstwhile chums The Verve. Going... This week, their booze, fags and foul mouths frighten passengers on a flight to Oz. Gone... Perhaps it's the drink talking, but Noel says he's set to buy those comatose footballing giants Manchester City.



The not-so-merry widow... Maureen McKinley in *The Shadow Of The Glen*

PHOTOGRAPH: NEIL LIBBERT

farmer's young widow, plays host to a tramp and a boy herdsman, only to discover that her elderly husband, whose corpse is laid out in the parlour, is not as dead as he looks.

Synge based the play on a story he heard in Aran, and it has a folk-tale quality. What gives it life is the picture of Nora's loneliness, of the appalling climate, of the perils of a forced January-May marriage. As Nora tells the tramp, her husband "was always cold every day since I knew him, and every night stranger". Maureen McKinley catches exactly Nora's tone of sexual frustration. If Crowley's production works less well than the other two, it is because *Lalor Roddy* as the not-so-dead farmer lacks the blasted antiquity the text implies.

The plays remind one that Synge, with his tragicomic vision, was the one dramatist whose influence Beckett acknowledged. It is likewise hard to keep Beckett out of the picture. In *Purgatory*, an old man and a boy, father and son, stand before a ruined house. We learn that the old man killed his father; a stable hand who had married the daughter of the house and who later, in a fit of drunkenness, burnt the place down. As the ghosts of the past appear at a window, the old man, in a vain attempt at purification, becomes "twice a murderer".

Politically, the play is conservative — a protest against the destruction of great houses through a surrender to drunken democracy. Dramatically, however, it is riveting — both an Oedipal story and a poetic reminder of the tenacity of the past and of the Borgesian labyrinth in which mankind exists. It also perfectly presented here. *Lalor Roddy* as the old man and Owen Sharpe as the boy are like characters imprisoned by a malign fate. The visions at the window remind us that the dead exert a powerful hold over the living. And the bare tree in the background recalls the desolation of *Waiting For Godot*.

But the force of *Shadows* lies in its reminder of the continuity of Irish drama. The constant presence of the undead, the ferocity of nature, the isolation of rural life are themes that find expression in Synge and Yeats, that haunt the work of Beckett and re-appear in McPherson and McDonagh. English drama cuts itself off from its past; in Ireland, the dead are eternally present in the living.

Shadows is in rep at *The Other Place*, Stratford-upon-Avon (01789 295623).

WAVE RIDING
ANNE KARP

Morning glory

Give or take 100,000 and a natural seepage, some 8.5 million people have now decided whose voice they want to listen to while brushing their teeth or drinking their morning coffee. The media spotlight may have shifted, but

Zoe Ball, Chris Evans and Kirsty Young are still out there. On Radio 1, *Zoe Ball* has followed last year's edgy start by building a store of mannerisms to see her through the episodes of chaos and silence. Her role is like that of a female student among young male drinkers, where the most heinous crime is being serious and the ethos is quip and quip again.

On Monday, remonstrating over a Sun photo of Kate Winslet as a child, headlined "Chunky", she declared, "No wonder women have eating disorders." Then she stopped, faced a loud silence from her studio sidekick, did a little self-mocking joke about the size of her bum, faced even louder silence, and let herself be embarrassedly prised from the subject. She was greeted more warmly when discussing how fast she could down a pint.

In Ball and Kevin Greening's show, every second attempted witticism is crowned by admiring studio titters, and even the traffic news is done in a Harry

Enfield toff voice (Major Holdings — gedit?). A joke that might have been diverting the first few minutes of a now arthritic. And while Greening has a nicely dry sense of humour, the pair's interaction doesn't extend much beyond mock insults.

Over on Virgin, *Chris Evans* is coming to resemble *Loan XIV*, who would spit in front of marvelling courtiers. Evans hasn't yet (to my knowledge) defecated on air, but last week he did talk about straining on the loo, and on Wednesday his theme was "blowing off" also known as farting and, according to one young caller, "bottom burps". I've no objection to a public debate on this issue, but Evans almost invariably thwacks a subject to death, without any expression of dissent or ennui from his service crew.

Despite the recent arrival of his Channel 4 producer, Will McDonald, as stooge — Madge to Evans's Dame Edna — no one stopped Evans from vilifying TV presenter Vanessa Feltz on Wednesday. The "problem" was not her abilities but the size of her thighs — a subject about which Zoe Ball would have had at least a whispered contra-opinion. Despite newspaper proclamations of its passing, laddishness is daily celebrated on breakfast radio.

Which makes the unequivocally adult female *Kirsty Young* all the more welcome on Talk Radio. Young is quick and unafraid to challenge, but, though she's well supported by Bill Overton and the show sounds less flimsy than at its debut in January, it still hasn't mustered the necessary weight. On Tuesday, for instance, there was too much soft PR topped up as news, while the interview with Ewan McGregor was so heavily trailed that there was little left to reveal when it finally ran.

Yet Young is attractively spontaneous, jettisoning her script about CNN because of an excess of commas and dashes (so who wrote it?), while the sequence on Iraq, with Tony Benn and a Middle East analyst, was solid and interesting.

Finally, the news of the demise of Radio Topical Features as a separate BBC department means the axeing not only of 70 radio posts (and the downgrading of the radio feature) but also the end of the sole radio-only production department left after the BBC reorganisation. With Topical Features submerged in a larger, TV-dominated department, all BBC production departments will now be headed by TV people. BBC radio staff are in despair, and so should we be. *Bizmedia, shunmedia.*

Simon Rattle's latest concert takes us back to the 1970s. Far out, says **Andrew Clements**

Best of times



Perfect choice... Simon

THE EVENT

One could not fault the musical quality or the choice of works in the first of Simon Rattle's Towards The Millennium concerts. This year the series looks at the seventies, and pieces by Toru Takemitsu and Witold Lutoslawski, in which instrumental colour is of primary importance, were followed by Shostakovich's last symphony.

Both the shorter works were well chosen. Takemitsu's *Duchamp Inspired A Flock Descends Into The Pentagonal Garden* packs more fibre into its 12-minute span than many of his brierier soundscapes, and Rattle and the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra brought out as much of that musculature as they could. Lutoslawski's *Les Espaces Du Sommeil* is probably his finest achievement, a perfectly proportioned setting of a surrealist text by Robert Desnos that clothes the baritone's lines (perfectly judged by François Le Roux) in a series of iridescent textures.

It is a big jump from that kind of luminosity to the raw nerve ends of Shostakovich's 15th Symphony, a work that demanded inclusion in Rattle's survey for more than sentimental reasons. Shostakovich's symphonies have been among the mainstays of this series for the past four years, but in an unlikely way this is a real seventies piece: music that does not justify itself by what it expresses, but exists for what it leaves unsaid and unexplained. Of all Shostakovich's masterpieces, it is the most baffling. What do all its allusions mean? There are the obvious references to Rossini's *William Tell*, Mahler's

Fifth, Wagner's *Tristan And Isolde* and *The Ring*, but the surreptitious autobiographical quotes seem even more tantalising.

The 10th and 11th Symphonies are there, but the infamous theme from the Leningrad is surely the source of the final passacaglia, and don't the detumescent trombones in the scherzo hark back to Lady Macbeth Of Mtsensk?

Alongside that welter of self-reference, the role of the original material in the symphony is hard to

pin down. An interpreter can only take it all at face value and play everything for what is worth. That's precisely what Rattle's exemplary performance did at Birmingham's Symphony Hall, with a savage edge to the climaxes and heavy, barbed irony for the innocuous melodies, leaving the audience to come to their own conclusions.

Simon Rattle and the CBSO repeat their programme at the Royal Festival Hall tonight. Towards The Millennium

"BEING GOOD

IN BUSINESS IS

THE MOST

FASCINATING KIND

OF ART." AMBY WARNOL

[SERPENTINE GALLERY, RE-OPENING 28.2.98.]

Bloomberg
www.bloomberg.com/uk

Garth Cartwright tunes in to Chico de Barge

No more kidding

THE PRODIGY

At 13, Chico de Barge has done more living than most 50-year-olds. One of 10 children born into a mixed-race family, who played and sang at the local gospel tabernacle, he was something of a prodigy, programming synthesizers at the age of six. The family was signed to Motown, which tried to make it a replica of the Jacksons.

While his older brothers had several hits, Chico's solo career saw him score well with black teens. Then, at 18, he and older brother Bobbie were jailed for cocaine dealing. Since his release in 1996, he has been rebuilding his career as a writer for other artists.

The success of Nu-soul (young black singers recreating seventies grooves with nineties attitude) saw

him get his own recording deal. His first headlining British appearance, at London's Jazz Café, was tied in with the release of his album *Long Time No See*, which has had soul fans drooling.

On stage, he did not disappoint. Leading a fluid eight-piece band, he opened with a reinterpretation of Marvin Gaye's *Trouble Man*, the line "I had to lose, start all over again" particularly poignant. With his shaven skull and pacing presence, he looks like a boxer, a man who doesn't like to stay still. Teasing and thanking the audience while dedicating several songs "to the ladies," he never let his lover-man image override his grace.

He sang beautifully, the sweetness in his voice matched with a subtle longing. If not yet ready to let himself and his band stretch, he revealed a formidable talent.

"Brilliant."
"Shocking."
"Unputdownable."

The Observer

This Sunday, the Observer's special discount card gives you 20% off any Penguin book or Audiobook at Waterstone's from March. It's a classic offer, or contemporary of course, depending on what you read.

Grand o Ireland'

urphy hit wi

Jack-Jackpool

45

45

45



Sticky end... Henman's week of hard work in London finishes in sweat and quarter-final defeat by Yevgeny Kafelnikov

PHOTOGRAPH: ALEX LIVESKY

Tennis

Henman revival ill-served by his Big Service Envy

Stephen Bierley watches the last Briton overplay his hand indoors at Battersea

THERE was no denying the consistency of the top three Britons at the inaugural Guardian Direct Cup this week. "It's all part of the learning curve," said Greg Rusedski after losing to Germany's Marc-Kevin Goellner.

"I'm a good player and I know it," said Andrew Richardson after losing to the same player.

"I'm playing the tennis that will take me into the top 10," said Tim Henman after losing yesterday to Yevgeny Kafelnikov.

After a defeat, no sportsman is likely to admit he has played like a loon, chucked away a gilt-edged opportunity and is heading for the nearest bar. But all this forced positive thinking does get terribly wearing.

A bit of genuine misery is what we want, a smidgeon of breast-beating and self-flagellation. Or maybe a simple "I wasn't good enough" followed by a kick for the cat and later one to the backside of the next opponent. And to hell with learning processes.

That said, Henman entered this indoor tournament on the back of four successive first-round defeats, his confidence shot to little fluffy pieces. So it was perhaps too much to expect that he could hold up his previously fragile form against the Russian, currently the world No. 7, despite the early-round victories over the Dutch former Wimbledon champion Richard Krajicek and the little-known German Rainer Schüttler.

Kafelnikov only won 4-6, 6-4, 6-2, though Henman went precious close. But at 4-4 in the second set, leading 40-30 on the Russian's serve, he chose the wrong shot at the wrong time. A further break point was also missed, and immediately Kafelnikov broke Henman to square the match.

Henman's serve is both a strength and a liability. He and his coach David Felgate have laboured long to make it a genuinely potent weapon and for much of the first and second set yesterday it functioned beautifully. But once its accuracy deserted Henman, the rest of his game disintegrated.

Henman has such an array of natural groundstrokes, coupled with excellent touch at the net, that the continued strain and struggle for power appears counter-productive. A little more thought and little less beef might help eradicate BSE, or Big Service Envy.

He might then spend more time tightening his game generally, particularly his forehand which remains a basic weakness under pressure.

Kafelnikov believes the problem is psychological, but heaven help anybody taking psychological advice from a Russian. "Tim should have been in the semi-final," said Kafelnikov, which is always an easy thing to say of your opponent when you have won.

The quality of tennis dropped away sharply in the third set. Henman, visibly tiring, became ever more wayward and loose and Kafelnikov, though not playing anything like his best, was always the more resolute and coherent.

"As soon as you stop serving well a guy like Yevgeny will jump all over you," said Henman, thus highlighting his current dilemma. The British No. 2 never seems likely to have the true physicality of a power player and increasingly there must be a suspicion that his talents are being channelled in the wrong direction.

Time will tell. For the moment he was glad enough to have pulled out of the slump which had begun with his first-round defeat against France's Jerome Golmard in the Australian Open last month.

"Learning to deal with the last four weeks has made me stronger, and hopefully the next time it happens I can come out of a rut more quickly," he said.

Next week he will cross the Atlantic to play in Indian Wells and the Lipton Championships in Key Biscayne with, no doubt, a head full of nothing but positive thoughts.

Goellner, the British-based German who accounted for Rusedski and Richardson, lost his quarter-final 6-3, 6-4 to Jan Siemerink. The resurgent Dutchman, who reached a career-high ranking of No. 15 two years ago, is trying to claw his way back into the top 50.

France's Cedric Pioline, last year's beaten Wimbledon finalist, is once more enjoying London and today will play Siemerink in the semi-finals after defeating Slovakia's Karol Kucera in three sets.

Athletics

Super Wariso suffers for lack of super vision

Duncan Mackay in Valencia

SOLOMON WARISO, the gold-medal favourite, faded out yesterday in the opening round of the European Indoor Championships 400 metres.

The 31-year-old Londoner, who sports a tattoo of the Superman logo on his right shoulder, looked like a man who had been handed a stick of dynamite as he dropped to third in his heat, in which the first two qualifiers, after misjudging the finishing line on the multicoloured track, his 48.41sec was nearly three seconds slower than the 45.71 he ran last month, a time that tops the world rankings.

How Wariso must hate the European Championships. In the outdoor version in Helsinki four years ago he was sent home after testing positive for a banned stimulant and given a three-month suspension. Now he has wasted a

wonderful opportunity to erase that blot from his character. "I'm going to be really embarrassed going home after this," he said.

The decision to travel to California last week for a few days' training in the sun appeared to contribute to his jaded performance. "I felt really tired," he said, "but there's no excuses really."

At least he retained his sense of humour. "I might have this scrubbed off and replaced with the Joker," he said, referring to his tattoo.

Wariso's failure brought back memories of last summer when, on the first morning of the world championships in Athens, Kelly Holmes, the 1500m favourite, limped off the track.

British favourites have turned the cock-up into an art form in recent years. Wariso's failure mirrored what happened to Tom McKean at the world championships in Tokyo seven years ago when

he eased up too early and was knocked out of the 800m by Billy Konchellah, the man who went on to win the title.

But it was not all bad news from the British camp. Sean Baldock, the second fastest man in Europe this winter, stands to benefit most from Wariso's elimination after qualifying easily for today's semi-final in 47.26.

The triple jumpers Jonathan Edwards and Ashtia Hansen also kept Britain's gold-medal hopes alive, each progressing to his tactical final as the best qualifier and each needing only one effort to do it.

Edwards, returning to the 1995 form, jumped 17.15 metres to confirm his position as one of the strongest favourites at these championships. Hansen also looked impressive, leaping 14.48m to score a psychological advantage over his main rivals, the Czech Sarka Kasparikova and the Romanian Rodica Mateescu.

Jarrett's golden moment beckons

Duncan Mackay on the high hurdler who has waited 10 years in the minor placings

ALL things come to him who waits — or so Tony Jarrett must hope when he settles into his blocks at the European Indoor Championships here today. For more than a decade he has been one of the world's best sprint hurdlers, yet he has never been No. 1 in his own country. Jarrett is eternal bridesmaid to Colin Jackson.

But surely the man recently christened "Tony No Gold" by the Big Breakfast will never have a better opportunity of stepping out of Jackson's long shadow than he has here, with the Welshman concentrating on preparation for the outdoor season. If Jarrett does win the 60 metres hurdles, it will be the most popular victory on the team.

The 29-year-old Londoner has been a member of Britain's team since 1988, when

he marked his senior debut by reaching the Olympic 110m hurdles final in Seoul. It was expected to be no time before he was winning major championships to add to the European junior title he won in 1987.

But championships have come and gone and all Jarrett has to show for his efforts is a string of consolation silver and bronze medals — 11 in all. Even last year, when he beat Jackson six times out of

seven, it was his fellow Briton who claimed the glory, finishing second to Allen Johnson in the world championships, as Jarrett failed to reach the final.

But, under the coaching of Mike McFarlane, the 1985 European indoor 60m champion, and the Latvian Lyudmila Olijar, who overpowers his technical work, Jarrett has re-established himself this winter. He has won four of his six races and even when he was beaten, in Lievin last Sunday, it was by the American Tony Dees and the Briton finished ahead of Falk Balzer, the German who is

the only man in Europe ranked ahead of him.

Inevitably it is suggested that Jarrett lacks the killer instincts required at this level. And Jackson, watching on television back home in Cardiff today and cheering his friend and rival on, says: "He must have belief in himself because he has the talent."

But Jarrett denies his mentality has let him down. "Don't doubt it," he says. "Whatever has happened so far, I've never lacked self-belief." He will line up today fully expecting this to be the occasion when he finally breaks his duck.



Jarrett... a test of belief

Lingfield all-weather programme

TONY PALEY	TOP FORM
1.36 Comoros/Therling	Empress's Gold
2.10 Lora Star	Miles Bonnet
2.40 Steamroller Standy	Steamroller Standy
3.15 Marula	Shafleyshy
3.45 Philstar	Philstar
4.20 Master Caster	Master Caster

All-weather. Good luck. Left-handed course led out inside turf track and only 13m round No straight sprint track.

Going: Slow. * Denotes blinkers.
Draw: Low numbers favoured in sprints.
Long distance travellers: Plan Profit (3.45) M Johnson, N Yorks, 270 miles.
Seven day winners: 3.15 Just Lou, 3.45 Philstar, 4.20 Master Caster.
Blindfolded first race: None. Winner: 4.20 Darceno, Owner's Odyssey.
Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing.

1.35 TAURUS CLAIMING STAKES 3YO

121	12-12 Empress's Gold (14) (9) Cribbed 8-12	A Mackay	0.00
2 (1)	16-5 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12	A Mackay	0.00
3 (1)	2-45 Comoros/Therling (14) (1) 10-12	A Mackay	0.00
4 (1)	0-20 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12	A Mackay	0.00
5 (1)	0-20 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12	A Mackay	0.00
6 (1)	0-20 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12	A Mackay	0.00
7 (1)	0-20 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12	A Mackay	0.00

Besting: 4-2 Comoros/Therling, 1-4 Empress's Gold, 8-1 Lora Star, 10-1 Lora Star, 14-1 Lora Star, 16-1 Lora Star.

2.10 FISHERS MEDIAN AUCTION MAIDEN STAKES 3YO

4	51	2	Lora Star (20) (10) 10-12	K Fallon	89
5	52	3	3-3 Mac's (11) Mr. L. Sacks 9-0	D Harrison	86
6	53	0	0000-5 Portlylly Bruly (16) M Hayes 9-0	A Clark	87
7	54	0	5000-2 Watkins (11) M L Buckley 9-0	J Sacks	87
8	55	0	00-3 Zippy Starbird (14) A J Bowler 9-0	S Sanders	88
9	56	0	00-0 Alfie (11) 5 H 2 9-9	N Mills 9-90	89
10	57	0	00-0 Secret Mission (11) V Scone 9-9	C Butler	90

Result: 2-1 Lora Star 3-2 0 Mac's 3-2 0 Alfie 3-2 0 Watkins 1-2 0 Zippy 3-1 Mac's 3-1 20-1 Gold Portlylly 3-1 0

Besting: 3-1 Lora Star, 5-2 D. Mares, 9-2 Mares, 11-2 Mares, 14-1 Mares, 16-1 Mares.

KEEPING TRACK

COMMENTARY	RESULTS
KEMPTON	771 781
HEYDOCK	772 782
MUSSELBURGH	773 783
LINGFIELD	774 784

ALL COURSES COMMENTARY 0891 222 780
ALL COURSES RESULTS 0891 222 790

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TheGuardian INTERACTIVE

2.40 RAPPORTIERE CONDITIONS STAKES

1043-1	Steamroller Standy (116) (20)	C Croy 5-9-13	6	Carters	69
113-21	White Plains (9) (20)	A Barker 5-9-13	7	K Fallon	68
216-0	Queen Gold Glory (118)	1 Harrison 4-9-7	8	Rachael Moody	67
05938	Grassano (454)	6 Street 6-9-7	9	J Black	66
0003-2	Staro Gold (130)	9 Hill 4-9-7	10	M Hill	65
0211-1	Grassano (22)	9-14 Lutzleben 3-9-10	11	S Whitworth	64

Bedding 5-2 Steamroller Standy, Grassano 3-1 White Plains, 3-2 Staro Gold, 16-1 Queen Gold Glory, 20-1 Queen

Besting: 4-2 Comoros/Therling, 1-4 Empress's Gold, 8-1 Lora Star, 10-1 Lora Star, 14-1 Lora Star, 16-1 Lora Star.

3.15 GEMINI HANDICAP

12	02:11	Mancos (6) (CSD) L Odds 5-5-10	K Fallon + 07
13	36-4-46	Scarsdale Ridge (7) (CSD) J Archer 6-9-7	D Parfumo 05
14	652-45	Eastern Prospects (21) (CSD) (BFA) L Odds 5-9-4	A Clark 04
15	302-20	Ultra Star (12) (CSD) (BFA) R Power 8-6	Martin Dwyer 02
16	4-17-45	Sharp Imp (2) (CSD) R Power 8-6-6	Dane O'Hall + 04

Drifflings: 7-2 Mancos 4-1 Just Loss 6-1 Sharp Imp 13-2 Shaktayah, Eastern Prospects, 8-1 Roto Magic Nags Farming

Besting: 4-2 Comoros/Therling, 1-4 Empress's Gold, 8-1 Lora Star, 10-1 Lora Star, 14-1 Lora Star, 16-1 Lora Star.

3.45 CAPRICORN HANDICAP

1694	112033	Baroness (21) (24) G.L. Moore 6-9-2	County Sports	85
1695	16008	Present Shadow (132) (24) Plan Paragon 1-9-0	D. Harrison	86
1696	10701	Spot (4) (24) 10-12 Doo 4-5-12	W. Ryan	87
1697	101361	Phalaris (7) (24) 4 Barve 5-8-9	D. Sweeney	88
1698	40042	Swail (16) (24) 3 P. Price 4-8-6	A. McCarthy	89

1699 112 16018 5-1 Barozian 11-12 Plan For Profit, 13-2 Uica Maye, 5-1 Judicial Capersity, Suter
Monarch, Sent.

Besting: 4-2 Comoros/Therling, 1-4 Empress's Gold, 8-1 Lora Star, 10-1 Lora Star, 14-1 Lora Star, 16-1 Lora Star.

4.20 LEO HANDICAP 3YO

1m £2,819 (10 declared)					
(1) 10-11 Steamroller Standy (14) (9) Cribbed 8-12				A Mackay 0.00	
(1) 16-5 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12				A Mackay 0.00	
(1) 2-45 Comoros/Therling (14) (1) 10-12				A Mackay 0.00	
(1) 0-20 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12				A Mackay 0.00	
(1) 0-20 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12				A Mackay 0.00	
(1) 0-20 Lora Star (11) (1) 10-12				A Mackay 0.00	

Besting: 4-2 Comoros/Therling, 1-4 Empress's Gold, 8-1 Lora Star, 10-1 Lora Star, 14-1 Lora Star, 16-1 Lora Star.

COURSE SPECIALISTS

Jockey	Trainer	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
J. Moore	J. Moore	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
L. Dwyer	L. Dwyer	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
A. Dyer	A. Dyer	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
S. Dyer	S. Dyer	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
T. Dyer	T. Dyer	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
B. Dyer	B. Dyer	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
D. Dyer	D. Dyer	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th

Weekend fixtures

12.00 unless stated
1.45 all-weather
1.45 all-weather

NATIONAL LEAGUE

First Division
Charlton v Huddersfield
Crewe v Reading (a)
Man City v West Brom
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Second Division

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Third Division

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Fourth Division

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Fifth Division

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Sixth Division

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Seventh Division

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Eighth Division

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Scottish League

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Scottish League

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Scottish League

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Scottish League

Blackpool v Fulham
Barnsley v Preston
Bradford v York
Bristol City v Southend
Cardiff v Burnley
Derby v Luton
Doncaster v Millwall
Exeter v Luton
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich
Sheff Wed v Ipswich

Scottish League

Rugby Union: Tetley's Bitter Cup quarter-finals

Chapman sure his England gamble is ready to pay off

Jill Turner on the fleet-footed Richmond wing taking the route to the top in his stride

AT FIRST Dominic Chapman seems unsure of himself. His voice is quiet and hesitant, his physique adolescent and his hand-shake barely there. But appearances can be deceptive and few 21-year-olds have as much faith in themselves as the talented Richmond wing. It is a faith echoed by the coaches of England and Ireland, both of whom called him up for pre-Five Nations squad training. It is also a faith his club will have in him when they face Saracens in the Tetley's Bitter Cup quarter-finals today.

The Surrey-born Chapman, who has Irish grandparentage, played for the A side against France three weeks ago. An ankle injury forced him to miss the game against Wales but he is hoping to face the Scots in a month. The thought that the Irish option might have been a quicker way to a full cap did not enter his head. He is in no doubt that one is on its way.

"I was born in England, have always lived in England and that is where my heart is," he says. "The only time I have ever visited Ireland was last year on a pre-season tour with Richmond. It never occurred to me that the Irish route might help me get a full cap quicker."

"I have confidence in my ability to go all the way with England. I don't think there is a chance during this tournament. I think I will keep me in the A team for a while to gain experience, but I will be hoping to play a full part next year."

Chapman is prepared to gamble on his career. He abandoned a university degree course to devote himself to amateur rugby at Harlequins, believing that he would make it as a professional. He was there for a season, started five first-team games and scored a hat-trick against Orrell before Richmond wised up to the fact he was not contracted and signed him for the summer.

Slight even for a wing at

5ft 9in and 12 stone, his agility and fleet-footedness allow him to wriggle past the most grasping defenders, and a handful of hat-tricks have sent him to the top of the try-scoring table in England.

Chapman started to play the game as a six-year-old in the junior section of the Surrey club Esler. He worked his way up the ranks until his talent was recognised by the former England three-quarter Simon Halliday, who suggested he try Harlequins.

"I was nervous when I first got there because I didn't know anyone and there were quite a few big names in the team like Will Carling and Jason Leonard. But once I started playing I just got on with it."

"My debut was against the Auckland Blues which I was quite pleased about. I went into the game full of awe but came out having scored a try and thinking that we gave them a good game and that they were beatable."

"I was studying sociology at Surrey University at the time and finding it hard to play rugby as well, so I decided to leave myself to my sport. I wasn't professional at the time but I was pretty sure I could make it as one."

At university Chapman approached the former athlete Margot Wells for help with his speed and fitness. In 1995 he joined the England Colts tour of Canada. He missed being selected for England Under-21 largely because he was not a first-team regular at Quins, but since joining Richmond last year he has started nearly every game and blossomed under the coaching and direction of the di-

rector of rugby John Kingston, who has worked on his defensive weaknesses.

Kingston says of him: "We tracked Dominic last year at Harlequins and felt he had the ability to go a long way. He can seem shy and self-effacing but underneath he is very determined, absolutely focused and selfish in a way a try-scorer has to be."

Chapman acknowledges that there is work to be done. "If I get a full cap it will be on my attacking attributes backed with defensive stability. My strength, I guess, is the fact that I score tries. I've got a high cadence rate in my legs, which means I can move them quicker than most people, and as one of the smaller wingers I can weave around the big defenders and keep out of their clutches."

"But I have been weaker in defence as I haven't had the experience at this level of rugby. After each game I look at the videos and can see that I'm standing in the wrong place."

The young wing, who still lives at home with his parents, found himself the centre of media attention as Ireland and England fought for his services, but he remained unfazed. "It doesn't bother me that much. It's very pleasing when people are writing nice things in the press and talking about international careers, but I still want to keep sight of what I'm doing with the club."

Chapman regards today's match against Saracens as "probably the biggest game the club has ever had. We haven't really got a chance of winning the league now because we were too inconsistent at the beginning of the season. But it would be great if we could get our hands on the Tetley's Cup and I would like us to qualify for Europe if possible. Then win the league next season. Definitely."

"At the moment I'm staying focused on what is right in front of me, which is the game on Saturday. We might have lost to them in the league but only by a squeak, and we've got a few things up our sleeves this time."

"It's a big game for us but I'm not worried about it. Actually," he adds in his quiet voice, "I'm pretty confident."

'We've got a few things up our sleeves for Saracens this time'

The four matches

Robert Armstrong assesses the weekend's ties just two steps from Twickenham

Northampton v Newcastle

League positions: Northampton 8th, Newcastle 2nd. **Cup head-to-head:** Northampton 2, Newcastle 1. **Northampton cup record:** P58, W23, L25 (best finish 1997). **Last season:** Q-1 lost 22-9 Sale home. **Newcastle cup record:** P67, W43, L24 (winners, as Gloucester, 1976 and 1977). **Last season:** Q-1 lost 18-8 Leicester home. **Cups to win first:** Northampton 7-1, Newcastle 9-4. **NORTHAMPTON** believe they have the muscle and firepower to reverse the narrow home defeat by Newcastle in the Premiership. Ian McGeechan, the Saints' director of rugby, has a rare talent for neutralising the obvious physical assets of the opposition, as he showed with the Lions in South Africa. Newcastle's unbeaten domestic run hangs in the balance.

Battleground The crunch will probably involve the No. 8s, Scott Quinnell and Saracens' Tony Dipoose. Both in the 1997 Lions party, these two are chalk and cheese: Quinnell's bullish charges will make an intriguing contrast with the stylish technique of Dipoose, probably the best ball-handler in his position in English rugby. Stamina may be the key.

Richmond v Saracens

League positions: Richmond 8th, Saracens 1st. **Cup head-to-head:** Richmond 1, Saracens 2. **Richmond cup record:** P55, W31, L24 (last season: 5th rd 34-30 Sale away). **Saracens cup record:** P49, W26, L23 (last season: Q-1 lost 28-21 Harlequins away). **Odds to win first:** Richmond 3-1, Saracens 3-1. **MOTIVATION** is a problem for Richmond, who blow hot and cold from week to week. John Kingston, the director of rugby, told his players to go down the A3 and take a long look at Twickenham, the venue for the final on May 10. It remains to be seen whether that inspires Ben Clarke's men against the smoothly crilled Saracens, a good bet for a league and cup double.

Battleground The crunch will probably involve the No. 8s, Scott Quinnell and Saracens' Tony Dipoose. Both in the 1997 Lions party, these two are chalk and cheese: Quinnell's bullish charges will make an intriguing contrast with the stylish technique of Dipoose, probably the best ball-handler in his position in English rugby. Stamina may be the key.

West Hartlepool v Sale

League positions: West Hartlepool Premiership Two 3rd, Sale 7th. **Cup head-to-head:** West Hartlepool 0, Sale 1. **West Hartlepool cup record:** P41, W24, L17 (last season: 5th rd L 51-10 Newcastle away). **Sale cup record:** P62, W38, L24 (best finish 1997). **Last season:** final lost 2-3 Leicester at Twickenham. **Odds to win first:** West Hartlepool 40-1, Sale 5-1. **SALE** travel well as demonstrated with league wins at Wasps and Richmond, so their trip across the Pennines should hold no fears. West will feel encouraged by consistent form in Premiership Two but the ever-widening gap between full-time and part-time professionals is likely to count against them. Twickenham beckons for Sale again.

Battleground Sale's New Zealand fly-half Simon Mannix not only kicks his goals like a metronome but also shapes the pattern of play with a cool resolve. However, his counterpart Stephen Vile, who had a spell with Castres in France, has the advantage as an unfamiliar playmaker who also kicks goals.

London Irish v Wasps

League positions: London Irish 12th, Wasps 10th. **Cup head-to-head:** London Irish 0, Wasps 0. **London Irish cup record:** P48, W25, L23 (best finish 1990). **Last season:** 5th rd lost 33-0 Bath away. **Wasps cup record:** P58, W37, L22 (best finish 1986, 1987 and 1995). **Last season:** 6th rd lost 17-7 Saracens away. **Odds to win first:** London Irish 25-1, Wasps 9-2. **LONDON IRISH** may feel the backwash from an improving Wasps side who were badly stung by their Premiership defeat at Saracens last autumn. Dick Best, a caretaker coach of the Exiles, used to enjoy dumping Wasps out of the cup in his time with Harlequins, but he will find it harder to work the same magic with raw material that often seems... well, a bit raw.

Battleground Brendan Venter, London Irish's new South African centre, possesses the vision and the pace to put England's Nick Greenstock under the cosh provided the Exiles win a decent share of ball. But the Wasps centre's breaks will take some stopping.

Clubs clash with Brittle on numbers

THE power struggle between England's leading clubs and the Rugby Football Union entered a new phase yesterday, writes Robert Armstrong. Cliff Brittle, chairman of the management board, said there could be no increase in the size of next season's Premiership divisions without the RFU's approval but the clubs insisted they will proceed with their plan to have 14 instead of 12 in each of the top two divisions.

The English Rugby Partnership, representing the clubs, has agreed to allow four clubs to be promoted from League One. But Brittle described the RFU's statement of intent as "inaccurate and misleading".

Andy Moore, the Swansea lock, has been suspended for one match by the Welsh Rugby Union for punching Ben Clarke in last Friday's England A v Wales A game. Jed-Forest's Steve Smeaton was banned for 10 weeks after allegedly hitting Hawick's Cammie Murray.

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Rugby League

Challenge Cup, fifth round

Edwards the Bull back on the charge

Andy Wilson says the 10-times finalist has not had enough of Wembley yet

IT IS more than two years since Shaun Edwards last played at Wembley: not long by anyone else's standards but a lifetime for the record-breaker of the modern game. He was the only man to play in every one of Wigan's 43 Challenge Cup ties without defeat between 1988 and 1995. At last year's centenary cup final he was driven round the Wembley dog-track in an open-top sports car as part of a parade of champions put on by the Rugby Football League. "It was an honour to be there as the player representative," says Edwards, who has made a record 10 final appearances and collected nine winners' medals. "But I was jealous of the Bradford and St Helens guys who were actually playing that day. I was very jealous."

Edwards had left Wigan by then, moving south to live with his girlfriend Heather Small and their baby and earning his money with the London Broncos. Now, the relationship having ended last autumn, he is living in Wigan again but playing for Bradford Bulls, who face Castleford today in the tie of the fifth round.

The Bulls, despite being the Super League champions, are only 11-2 fourth favourites. This is partly because Castleford were impressive conquerors of Leeds in the last round and have home advantage today and partly because of the resurgence of Wigan. "They look red hot," he agrees. "On paper they are certainly the strongest team in the Super League, along with London and St Helens. I said when I arrived at Bradford that in order to achieve anything like the success that did last year we were going to have to improve."

Matthew Elliott, Bradford's Australian coach who made such an impression in his first season in charge, did not need telling that was why he signed Edwards, to play scrum-half to Robbie Paul's stand-off, a partnership with the potential to make a mockery of those pre-season odds.

Until last year some doubted Edwards's right to be counted among the true greats. He had played only for Wigan, they could argue, where he was made to look good by outstanding players such as Eilley Hanley and

Andy Gregory. The doubters would have included a few of his new team-mates, almost all Australians, at the Broncos. Edwards was a key figure as they came second in the Super League and beat Canberra Raiders in the World Club Championship.

"I had a great year with the Broncos," Edwards reflects. "We were just a bunch of lads trying our hardest on the field and I made some great friends." He admits to mixed feelings about the return north. "There was a bit of a buzz living in London for a bit of a buzz, a hectic social life with Martin Offiah but it's nice to be back home near my friends and family. My mum and dad have been quite poorly so it's been good to be nearer to them, and my little boy was going to be away a lot anyway with M-People doing a world tour."

But Edwards would rather keep his private life private and talk about rugby. "I'm just grateful I'm still playing. I'm 31 and I think that's what you are reaching your peak as a footballer so long as you look after yourself. I want to play for a few more years. I dread the day I have to finish playing."

"I have been very impressed with the coaching set at Bradford; they are very thorough and I feel I can improve my game here. Hopefully this season will be my best ever. But we haven't started properly yet. The Castleford game is our first big test."



Edwards... peak in sight

Weather threatening to put Dewsbury tie out to grass

DIEWSBURY have sold 500 tickets for the grassy banks at each end of their New Crown Platt ground for tomorrow's Challenge Cup fifth-round tie against Wigan, but if the weather worsens the areas may be deemed unsuitable.

With the match thus in danger, Wigan's chairman Mike Nolan said: "It's back to the dark ages. This is what Super League is up against."

Dewsbury have sold all 3,300 tickets but if the tie goes ahead the First Division club will be without the Australian hooker David O'Donnell, who awaits a work permit. Wigan's Henry Paul has a calf injury and will

be replaced by Tony Smith. For today's tie, Castleford's Richard Russell returns from injury at hooker in place of Danny Orr. Bradford's Sonny Nickle has recovered from a shin problem.

"I believe," Paul Southcombe, former Warrington team-mate at Knowsley Road tomorrow and London Broncos call up the teenager Dominic Peters for the visit of Halifax to The Scop.

Ellenborough and Egrement, the Cumbrian clubs who have given the amateur game a double presence in the last 16 for the first time since 1906, travel to Hull and Sheffield.

Basketball

England rebel against Pot Noodles regime

Robert Pryce

THE England team rebelled yesterday against "unprofessional and disgraceful" treatment from the English Basketball Association.

This week's trip to Minsk, in which England beat Belarus 60-55, brought simmering discontent to a head. "I have never known a trip like this," said the coach Llesio Nemeth on the eve of today's European Championship game against Israel at the Nynex Arena. "I have no respect for chief executive

Steve Catton and the EBBA." Nemeth and his players are upset by the lack of commitment, resources and "respect" the EBBA gives the national team. They complain that no practice can be scheduled, that trips abroad are poorly organised and that matters of diet and health are compromised. One of their complaints about the Minsk trip is that they were fed entirely on Pot Noodles and chocolate biscuits.

"This has gone on long enough," said the England centre John Amaechi. "I am

finding it increasingly difficult to stay with a programme that treats its players and coach in this manner."

Catton, who tried to pass off Nemeth's previous complaints as a plea to the Sports Council for more grant aid, chose to counter-attack yesterday. "No body wants to be associated with a team who behave like this," he said, before announcing that Sainsbury's was to become shirt sponsor of the England team. "What's the Sports Council going to think? This is a joke. I feel like going out and hitting my head against a brick wall."

Snooker

Griffiths brokers peace deal

Oliver Everton

THE former world champion Terry Griffiths yesterday negotiated a truce in the strife within the World Professional Billiards and Snooker Association since the summary dismissal of its chief executive, Jim McKenzie, on December 1.

Griffiths enlisted the support of Steve Davis and Dennis Taylor for a meeting at Derby with the governing body's chairman Rex Williams and his chief critic Ian Doyle, the

game's leading manager. The respected Griffiths had gathered sufficient proxies for next Wednesday's scheduled election to hold a balance of power.

Under the new deal there will be no egm vote to remove Williams and the other directors responsible for McKenzie's dismissal.

In turn the WPBSA will now drop the disciplinary action brought against Stephen Hendry, the world No. 1 having agreed to retract his remark that "the game is poisoned from top to bottom".

Hockey

Dancer hoping England can find right steps

Pat Rowley

ENGLAND's Australian coach Barry Dancer sends his new charges out against world-class opposition for the first time at the Sultan Azlan Shah tournament in Ipoh, Malaysia, today and it will be a special match for him. England's opponents are Australia.

Dancer is well qualified to brief his players about the opposition, but he has had little time to get to know the capabilities of his own side, who have to cope with alien condi-

tions and lost 10-0 to Australia only six months ago. It is 13 years since England beat the Australians.

The tournament is a World Cup rehearsal as all six sides taking part qualified for the May event in Utrecht. Australia and Germany will be favourites to reach the final and England can expect a preview of the bronze-medal match when they play South Korea tomorrow. The Koreans have replaced India, who start an eight-test series against Pakistan today.

Slough, the English indoor and outdoor women's champi-

ons, were unable to upset the odds yesterday when they met the hosts Russelsheim, the six-time champions, in their first match at the European Indoor Club Championship. The Germans converted five of their eight corners, Britta Becker scoring three of them, and Slough were beaten 9-4.

Slough, however, took a big step towards tomorrow's semi-finals by defeating the Dutch club Groningen 8-1 in their second match. Jane Smith (3), Karen Brown (2), Sam Wright, Sarah Kelleher and Sue MacDonald scored.

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The big match: Chelsea v Manchester United

Vialli angles for a whale of a game

GIANLUCA VIALLI has almost mastered the English language but his gambling terminology still needs a bit of work. After training yesterday he spoke of the importance of winning big games "when the fish are down".

A voice asked helpfully: "You mean the chips?" Vialli was clearly hoping Chelsea can avoid getting battered and tried again by Manchester United today.

A salt-and-vinegar match is certainly on the cards when Vialli's Chelsea encounter the league leaders at Stamford Bridge at an hour when most self-respecting footballers are just slipping out of bed. Sky has been promoting this pivotal match with pictures of Chelsea and United players tap-dancing on each other and generally knocking one another around. Last month, after United's 3-3 FA Cup victory, the ferocious rivalry be-

tween the two teams carried on in the tunnel. Vialli probably remembers it as a cold war.

With his shaved head and goatee he is half sage, half untamed warrior, but it was the more reflective side of his nature which dominated yesterday's pre-match chat. Time passed in the company of Dennis Wise and co has caused him to acquire that ubiquitous habit of prefacing things with "to be fair...". To be all square, Chelsea must avenge that hammering on January 4 and halt a sequence of two league defeats. It was left to the defender Steve Clarke to play the Clint Eastwood role. "It's a matter of putting things right."

Even if some at Stamford Bridge may have discreetly given up on the idea of closing the 11-point gap between them and United, finishing runners-up would carry Vialli's *Azzurri* into next season's Champions League.



Last time United visited, blows were exchanged and Chelsea were humiliated. It still hurts, Paul Hayward reports. And if Chelsea fail to turn the tables today, it will prove terminal

Thus the struggle they must win in their final 12 matches is not so much with United as Arsenal, Liverpool and Blackburn Rovers. But today's game is also a test of Chelsea's general upward mobility and Vialli's ability to out-think the most formidable tactician and motivator in the British game.

Vialli describes Alex Ferguson's United as having "the best team, best mentality and the best players. We are doing

everything we can to be the next Manchester United and be successful for the next five or six years". He has never spoken to Ferguson socially but would like to. "He has got so much experience. I could learn some things from him."

Vialli has learnt much already on his own. It took him 90 minutes to get his new team to Wembley with a rousing triumph over Arsenal in a Coca-Cola Cup semi-final. That champagne supernova

evaporated at Filbert Street three days later when they were beaten 2-0 by Leicester City.

Vialli turned that trauma nicely: "Looking on the bright side, it was good to lose that match because now I know the feeling. I'll try not to go through it again."

He is attempting to iron out the undulations in Chelsea's form by encouraging his players to be a little less elaborate in midfield. If there is to be a

victim of this policy shift it could be his compatriot Gianfranco Zola, who has been out of form and out of the Italian national side.

In a three-man strike force Vialli wants Zola to vacate his favourite position just in behind the main strikers. "It's a little different when you're not in the middle," Zola said. "You have to start on the side and go to the middle. You have to work that little bit harder but it's not a problem for me."

Zola has spoken to the Italy coach Cesare Maldini about the World Cup and is confident he has not been expunged from Maldini's plans. "The coach knows me well," he said. "He knows I'm playing badly at the moment but it's only a moment. I have time in front of me." Like Clarke, Zola spoke of the "hurt" in the Chelsea dressing room at the immensity of that Cup defeat last month. For Frank Leboeuf the emo-

tional hurt may have been compounded by a few bruises. He and United's David Beckham had what Bill McLaren might call "a bit of a disagreement" in the tunnel later.

Vialli will be telling his players not to resume hostilities. "Beckham and Leboeuf are mature enough to know that today's game is between Chelsea and Manchester United, not Frank and David. We have to be aggressive, press them on everything, but with fair play. We have to tackle, we have to be tough, but I hope we don't see anything nasty."

The Italian perspective on English football has not changed much. Or not Vialli's, anyway. "You have to work your socks off, you have to be strong mentally and physically," he said. The same message will be conveyed to his players at brunch-time. For Chelsea the chips — and the fish — are down.

Baobab cure for blood letting

Football Diary

Martin Thorpe

FOOTBALL'S recent hot-seat shuffle has severely reduced the reasons for managers to feel safe in their jobs. Raul Gullit's sacking dispelled the myth that they are judged on results. As did John Gregory's appointment at Aston Villa.

Brian Little's departure from Villa Park plunged a dagger in the back of the notion that you are safe if you are friends with the chairman. And Steve Gritt's exit at Brighton demonstrated that even though you saved an ailing club from an early death in the Vauxhall Conference, an old boy is judged more likely to spark life.

So how does a manager stop worrying about the whim of change? "In Europe you can spend hours going through the reasons for a defeat," muses Burkina Faso's coach Philippe Troussier. "But sometimes it isn't necessary to explain something. I have come to appreciate that in Africa. When we lose, we go and sit under a baobab tree. There's a certain type of magic there."

The "argument tree" is where the region's village elders gather to resolve problems. Perhaps the League Managers' Association should urge widespread planting in club boardrooms nationwide.

DOES the fact that Brian Laudrup preferred to clean up with a lucrative move to Chelsea rather than the Netherlands show that he prefers flash to Ajax?

THOSE looking for omens for England winning the World Cup again this year need look no farther than Chris Farlowe. An obscure link? Yet the Sixties warbler was No. 1 in the charts that famous day in 1966 with *Out Of Time*.

Long out of fashion, Farlowe is making a comeback with a new single ready for the finals in France, a cover of the Small Faces hit, *All or Nothing*. Sorry, did we say looking for omens, or clutching at straws?

NEVER mind tomorrow's countryside demo. Swindon are set to hold their own against Bury today with a side that includes Bullock, Hay, Cowe, oh, and McDonald.

COULD Barnsley's ship be coming in? They last won the FA Cup in 1912, beating Bolton, Spurs and Manchester United on the way. It was also the year the Titanic sank.

This season Barnsley have reached the sixth round by beating, yes, Bolton, Spurs and Manchester United. And Titanic is the film of the year.

The Diary is not claiming exclusivity with this statistic. It was first heard on Channel 4's *Under the Moon*. But we can reveal that the link between the upturn in Barnsley's fortunes and the downturn of the great liner goes even deeper — the season Barnsley won promotion to the Second Division — 1980-81 — also saw the release of the film *Raise the Titanic*.

PALACE are set to link Sasa Curcic with Attilio Lombardo while still chasing Tottenham's ever-hungry Clive Walker in the Bucks Advertiser. And in the "10 years ago" column from last Saturday's *Shrewsbury Town* programme comes this: "Vic Kasnie latched on to a Brian Williams header and curled a fine 200-yard shot past Digby."

MISPIRITS of the week: "It would be nice to get four winners' medals," says Cheltenham's ever-hungry Clive Walker in the Bucks Advertiser. And in the "10 years ago" column from last Saturday's *Shrewsbury Town* programme comes this: "Vic Kasnie latched on to a Brian Williams header and curled a fine 200-yard shot past Digby."

By the reckoning of Andrew Muir, who spotted this unique version of the long-ball game, 200 yards from goal at Gay Meadow puts Kasnie by the traffic lights on the English Bridge or on the end of platform four at the railway station, depending on which end he scored.

WHAT's the difference between Aston Villa and the Six Million Dollar Man? Villa have spent four times as much and still need rebuilding.

AND what's the difference between Dermot Gallagher and Colin Hendry? Gallagher's missed more penalties.

Disappointment and desire drive immaculate Irwin

Michael Walker on the hidden side of Manchester United's distinguished No.3

IT was hard to know where to look. At one end of Manchester United's training pitch Paul Scholes was shooting with mesmerising accuracy and power and Roy Keane was kicking them hobbling. At the other end Denis Irwin was running in circles, forlornly chasing a football denied him by half a dozen team-mates.

Keane and Scholes were a fascinating sight but the eyes were drawn to Irwin's fruitless pursuit because this was more, this was a first. Irwin never looks ruffled on a football pitch; he is as cool as his primary-school haircut.

But then this was only training, the morning after the Tykeastic Barnsley night before, though Irwin offered another surprise to add to the sight of him fumbling for the ball. Asked what the mood was post-Barnsley, he replied: "Disappointment."

It was his first word of the interview but surprisingly it was not the last time he would use it with reference to his career. He clearly feels that disappointment is a theme of his professional life which so far has yielded four Premiership winners' medals (a fifth is in the offing), two FA Cup winners' medals, one League Cup, one European Cup Winners' Cup medal, 47 Republic of Ireland caps and presumably a healthy bank balance.

"As a successful team you are going to have unsuccessful periods as well," Irwin said when explaining the hunger at Old Trafford. "It's how you cope with those. I think the desire here comes from everybody, I think if you don't have it the manager will soon have you on your way."

"But over the last eight years we have had a lot of fail-

ure as well. We've lost two leagues, lost two League Cups, lost an FA Cup, and there is a feeling you get after losing or when you miss out as we did at West Ham that year." He was referring of course to the very last day of season 1994-95 when United were held 1-1 at Upton Park and lost the title by one point to Blackburn.

There was no self-pity in Irwin's voice, and similarly, in assessing his international days, he recalled the "relaxed, good-time atmosphere of the Jack Charlton era" but he also remembered the bad moments. "It's unfortunate really, we just missed out on a lot of

Irwin agreed that the feeling within the club is that this is the year

European qualification. England pipped us one year and then we were in a play-off with Holland. Then we just missed out in a play-off with Belgium; it was a very big disappointment for me, because it was probably my last World Cup. It's fair to say I've had a lot of disappointment."

Fair, perhaps, but rarely identified, although in the past Irwin has pinpointed the blurring of success and failure. Rejected at 20 by Billy Bremner at Leeds, he nearly signed for Chesterfield rather than Oldham and thus would not have faced Alex Ferguson or United in Oldham's Cup run eight years ago. Those impressive performances led

to his £625,000 transfer — pound for pound, Ferguson rates Irwin alongside Peter Schmeichel (£550,000) and Eric Cantona (£1,200,000) as value for money — and when his present contract expires in a year and a half, he will have spent a decade at United.

He will be approaching his 34th birthday then and, judging by his second-half display in the Cup at Barnsley after he came on as a substitute for Brian McClair, when his positional play and passing were typically immaculate, he will still be in possession of the red No. 3 shirt. He will wear it today at Chelsea and again in midweek when United resume their longing for Europe in Monaco.

Irwin's last kick in Europe was a painful one, inflicted by Feyenoord's Paul Bosvelt. It brought him a two-month lay-off. But one benefit of Bosvelt's assault is that the experienced Irwin is fresh just as United's season reaches its climax.

"Every game you play for this club is a big game, even pre-season friendlies, and we're always up for it. We have a few coming: Chelsea, Sheffield Wednesday and West Ham in the league, and then Monaco. We'll not be underestimating them."

Expectation, though, is that United will progress and ultimately win the trophy. Nor is it only external anticipation. Irwin agreed that after their defeat of Juventus, the feeling within the club is that this is the year. Indeed, he would take domestic failure today if it meant European success tomorrow.

"A lot of our fans would like us to win the European Cup. It is nice to win the league and it's been 30 years since the European Cup. To win something would be nice, to win the European Cup would be extra nice. A disappointment would be not winning anything."



Fresh challenge... Denis Irwin says United will not underestimate any team, starting at Chelsea today

Villa lose Evans and their shirt sponsor

PETER WHITE

ASTON VILLA were hit by a double whammy yesterday when their assistant manager Allan Evans left amid controversy and the club lost their shirt sponsor.

A statement from Villa said that Evans had left after talks with the new manager John Gregory and the directors but Evans said last night: "I did not want to leave. I was asked to leave, there is no doubt about that."

Evans was assistant to the former manager Brian Little

and became caretaker for a few hours on Tuesday after Little resigned, but after declaring that he would apply for the job full-time he found that Gregory had been installed.

Earlier AST, whose shirt sponsorship deal is worth £1 million a year to Villa, decided not to take up a three-year option once the initial three-year term had expired.

AST is a subsidiary of the Korean company Samsung which has been severely hit by the financial crisis in the Far East. Its UK sales manager Mark Hughes said: "We have enjoyed an excellent relationship with Villa since

we entered into the agreement and under different circumstances we would have had no hesitation in continuing our involvement with what has been a very successful partnership."

The end of the contract comes against this week's unhealthy backdrop of the departure of Little, the club's slide towards the relegation zone and a share price which has dropped from £11.75 to 26 in the past 12 months.

The West-Brom defender Shane Nicholson was yesterday charged by the Football Association for refusing to take a drugs test.

Albion, meanwhile, have appointed Oxford United's assistant manager Malcolm Crosby as first-team coach, and Huddersfield's manager Peter Jackson and his assistant Terry Yorath have signed two-year contracts to stay at the club.

The Everton goalkeeper Neville Southall has joined Stoke City on a month's loan and is expected to make his debut in the Potteries derby against Port Vale tomorrow.

Manchester United have for the second time switched the kick-off of their Good Friday game against Liverpool. It will now start at 6pm.

Jimmy Hagan, the former Derby, Sheffield United and England forward, died yesterday aged 79. Hagan also managed Benfica.

The Doncaster Rovers general manager Mark Weaver has registered himself as a non-contract player with the league's bottom club.

The fans fear that Weaver, whose background is on the commercial side, intends to make his league debut before the end of the season. Weaver, 35, whose playing experience is confined to local football, said he had only done it to help the reserves out in an emergency.

Premiership preview

Collymore pledge for Gregory's day

IAN ROSS

DOUG ELLIS, the Aston Villa chairman, may have his faults but poor timing had not seemed to be among them. But whether Brian Little jumped ship or was helped overboard by one of Ellis's backslaps of reassurance is now of no consequence.

Today Villa Park belongs to his successor, John Gregory, but for how long remains to be seen. Certainly he could not have asked for a more enticing opening encounter than a visit from Liverpool.

Villa's striker Stan Collymore, who left Anfield under a cloud last year, will need to make an impact too under new management. "I've had a lot of slatings this week," he told Sky Sports Centre last night. "If people continue to criticise me then so be it, but I want to play for Aston Villa, do well and that is the top and bottom of the situation. I know where my allegiances lie and I look forward to the day of ramming it down people's throats."

There could not be a better time to face the Merseyside underachievers. Monday night's draw against Everton not only ended Liverpool's

realistic chances of overhauling Manchester United but also saw Robbie Fowler added to their casualty list.

Patrik Berger's untimely talk of a transfer to Benfica was slapped down by his manager Roy Evans, who said: "I would rather he rolled up his sleeves and fought for his place." At least Gregory has been saved the delicate decision of whether to play Savo Milosevic; the Yugoslav has knee-ligament damage.

Martin Hiden will wear a Leeds shirt for the first time against Southampton at Elland Road after his £1.5m midweek arrival from Rapid Vienna. Gary Speed returns to Goodison for the first time in Newcastle colours and will not be greeted like a prodigal son.

Tottenham take on Bolton tomorrow in the knowledge that their England forward Darren Anderton, who has had surgery in Germany to repair his groin injury, may play again in three weeks.

Jürgen Klinsmann returns to the Spurs line-up less than four weeks after breaking his jaw at Barnsley and the Algerian international Moussa Saib takes a bow after his £2.3 million move from Valencia in Spain this week.



A N Other

THIS modest, slightly built midfielder from Montrose was an unlikely football hero. He was a competent rather than a tenacious tackler, he was not especially quick and his ball skills were good but not outstanding. Yet he won the highest club honours at home and abroad, following his mentor from pool-side to woodcock and on to leafy glory, pausing only briefly to sniff a white rose. Later he went for a trot.

Last week: Roy McFarland (Tranmere Rovers, Derby County, Bradford City, Derby County).

Scottish Premier Division

Lowly Hibs no pushovers for leaders Celtic

PATRICK GLENN

CELTIC's new status as league leaders and championship favourites will be tested at Easter Road today by a Hibernian team scrapping to avoid relegation. Though bottom of the table, they drew 1-1 at Dundee United recently and were within two minutes of holding Rangers to a point.

Still without a win under Alex McLeish, Hibs will field Grant Bremner, a 20-year-old midfielder on loan from Manchester United, but not Pat McGinlay, who has a good

scoring record against Celtic but is still suspended.

"We are returning to a place where we lost our opening league match. They are fighting and it will be hard," said Celtic's coach Wim Jansen, who welcomes back the defender Alan Stubbs and midfielder Jackie McNamara.

Doubtless he will be keeping an ear on events at Ibrox, where third-placed Rangers face Hearts, two points above them and second to Celtic only on goal difference.

The Rangers manager Walter Smith was surprised to discover that Paul Gascoigne

might yet play a part. It was thought the England midfielder would be out for a fortnight, but the ankle he hurt at Kilmarnock on Tuesday was put in plaster only as a precaution. Brian Laudrup is doubtful with a calf injury and Gordon Durie, released from hospital only yesterday after suffering severe concussion in a clash of heads at Kilmarnock, will be rested for a month.

Hearts are at full strength with the defender Dave McPherson, who missed their 3-1 victory over Aberdeen in midweek, back after injury.

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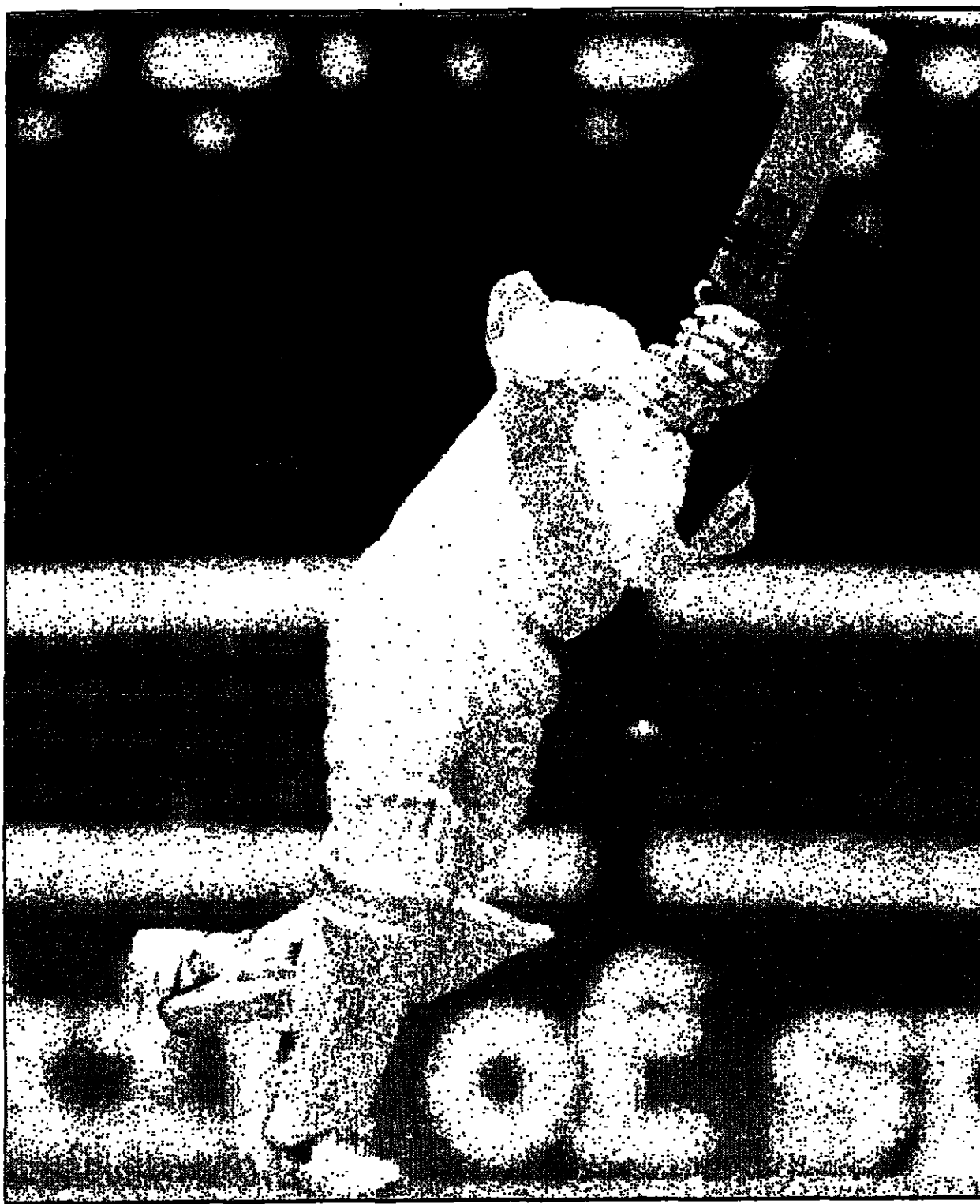
Down side of perfection
The driving force behind Denis Irwin
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The Guardian

Sport

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West Indies v England: fourth Test, first day



Bourda control... Brian Lara drives to pass his half-century

PHOTOGRAPH: LAURENCE GRIFFITHS

Mike Selvey reports on a gruelling day for Atherton's men in Georgetown

Chanderpaul and Lara punish early England errors

IT IS a Test-match tradition in Georgetown that as soon as the old wooden pavilion at Bourda that as soon as a century-maker completes his innings, his name is emblazoned on an honours board.

Four years ago, when England last played West Indies in Guyana, the skipper was a busy man as Mike Atherton, Brian Lara and Jimmy Adams all made big hundreds. He must have been busy preparing his brushes yesterday after tea as Lara and Shemar Chanderpaul made England pay for missed chances and a high-risk selection policy.

With Lara winning the toss for the first time in the series, West Indies lost both openers cheaply and were made to work hard for their runs before lunch.

But in the afternoon, as the sun beat down like a blacksmith's hammer on an anvil, the England bowlers were roasted as Lara and Chanderpaul, carefully at first and then expansively, put together a third-wicket partnership of 159. Even at that early stage their stand threatened to take the game away from England.

With scores of 55, 17, 42 and 47 on poor pitches in the two Trinidad Tests, Lara has been quietly effective rather than spectacular. But yesterday's 93 brought the first signs of the return of the great destructive batsman, an innings that was chanceless over the course of 256 minutes until he sneared Robert Headley, in particular, and Graham Thorpe completely a spectacular catch.

In all Lara hit 13 fours and two sixes, one pulled mercilessly to the leg side when Dean Headley dropped the nearest smidgeon short and the other, off Croft, achieving splashdown in the Sandals inflatable swimming pool at deep midwicket. Some of

Lara's strokeplay off Phil Tufnell's left-arm spin bordered on the disludful.

Meanwhile Chanderpaul, who made his debut as a teenager in that century-studded Test four years ago, twice benefited from misses of very different degrees of difficulty at second slip by Alec Stewart, both chances coming off Angus Fraser. After 75 overs he had made 74 as West Indies reached 226 for three.

At that stage Carl Hooper, who had announced himself by hitting Tufnell for a straight six, was on 18.

The missed chances were expensive. The first, before lunch when Chanderpaul had made only nine, was straight-forward as he pushed tentatively outside off stump; the second, when 54 immediately back then and away to Stewart's left but even so the fielder almost held on to it. In all Chanderpaul had hit 10 fours and a six in reaching his 74.

There is a well-worn old maxim to do with not mending things if they ain't broke, and it might well come back to haunt England. They looked to be in line to pay a heavy price for changing a three-seamer strategy, conceived before the tour, that had brought them success in Trinidad little more than a week previously.

Seduced by the prospect of a dry crusty pitch, England opted to place their bowling eggs into the spin basket by picking both Croft and Tufnell, making room by omitting Andy Caddick from their twelve.

That left the pace bowling in the hands of Fraser and

Scoreboard

WEST INDIES	
First innings	
S L Campbell c Russell b Headley	10
S C Williams c Thorpe b Fraser	13
T B Laro c Thorpe b Croft	93
S Chanderpaul not out	74
C L Hooper not out	18
Extras	16
Total (for 3, 75-1 overs)	226

Fall of wickets: 10, 38, 187.
To bowl: J G Adams, T D Williams, C E I. Ambrose, I R Bishop, D Ramnarine, C A Walsh.

ENGLAND: M A Atherton, A J Stewart, M A Butcher, N Hussain, S P Thorpe, M R Ramprakash, H G Russell, R D B Croft, D W Headley, A C Fraser, P G R Tufnell, Waples S A Bucknor and D S Hair.

Headley. Time and the Bourda weather will tell, but that would seem to be a flawed plan as it ignores the fact that frequently a pitch which helps spinners will also assist pace bowlers as well, only quicker and nastier.

This pitch offered some pace and good bounce — the sort West Indies might have exploited had they bowled first — and there is no reason to suppose that it will change as the match goes on, except for the bounce to become more variable.

Already the ball is breaking through the crust and although West Indies included Dinanath Ramnarine at the expense of the paceman Nixon McLean, it is conceivable the leg-spinner might not get a bowl. Courtney Walsh and Curtly Ambrose may prove lethal on this track; the local X-ray department has surely been alerted.

Headley, in particular, and Fraser tolled manfully without quite maintaining the dis-

cipline of the previous matches. But with Mark Butcher little more than a makeweight seamer, England unquestionably were a medium-pacer light — although this is a self-inflicted problem with the balance of the side caused by the absolute insistence that Stewart does not keep wicket.

The puzzling thing is that England would probably have no hesitation in reverting to the old balance if they should require a last-ditch effort in the final Test in Antigua, so why are they reluctant now? Certainly any runs Stewart gets as an opener, as opposed to a No. 3, are negated by the thin state of the attack.

The risks inherent in this were underlined before the first hour was up. Headley having received two official warnings for encroaching on to the pitch during his follow-through. One more indiscretion from him and England would be down to a single seamer for the duration of the innings.

By that time, though, Fraser had already had Stuart Williams brilliantly caught low down by Thorpe at first slip, who somehow kept his eye on the ball as Stewart, anticipating it might not carry, dived across his line of sight. Thorpe has had his problems at slip in the past but he is a high-class and refreshingly undemonstrative catcher now.

Seven overs later, with the total on 38, Headley took a well deserved wicket when Sherwin Campbell, who had never looked at ease, attempted to evade a short ball but failed to withdraw his bat in time. The ball found the edge and Jack Russell completed the catch. For England, until Lara's dismissal, that was as good as it got.

B C Fines and Podmore's Caribbean tour diary page 22

Lara showed the first signs of the great destructive batsman he is with this chanceless 93

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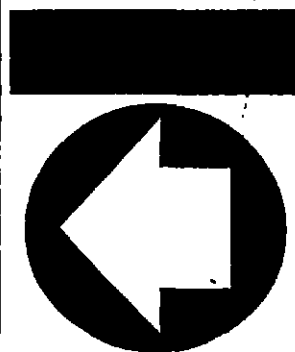


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When we've sorted out the world it's been done late at night over bottles of vodka, and never out on the streets. And that's ended up being just enough for me.
Sarah Fitzpatrick, 22, on the politics of me

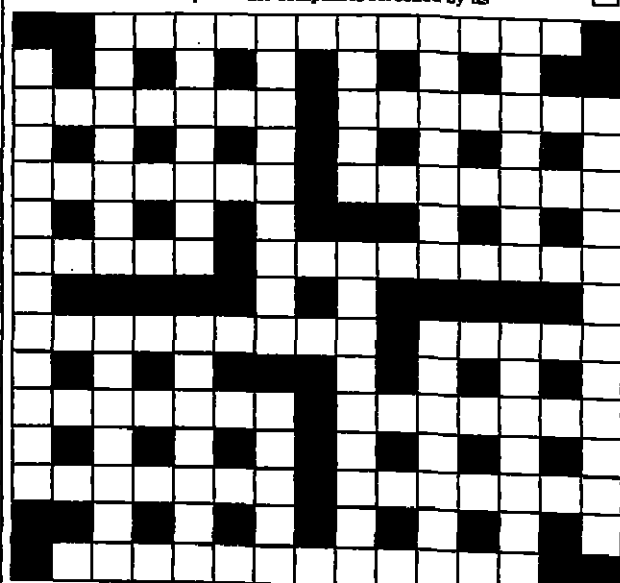
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Guardian COLLINS Crossword 21,210

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to The Guardian Crossword, P.O. Box 14641, London, EC1R 3JX, or Fax to 0171 733 4735 by first post on Friday. Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday March 9.

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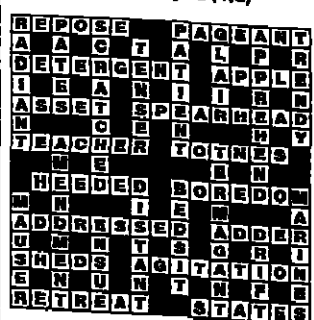
Set by Araucaria

Method: Solve the clues and fit the solutions into the diagram jigsaw-wise, wherever they will go.

- A Sorry for defence of ancient text (7)
B (P's more usual) Go: say 'usual' next (7)
C Fish, if that's the Queen's — they legislate (9)
D Pollard, bird in nest? Make abdicate? (7)

- E Butler's work before that's on man's end (7)
F Half of letter torn for one to mend (7)
G Don't stop talking, equatorial state (5)
H Maybe water, metal, hand, or weight (5)
I Who decks cake with black stuff under skate? (3-4)
J Hurl hid jetty out, yet Yanks aren't free? (4,3,5)

- K Knowledge always turns across from G (5)
L Resin maker, canticles transferred (3,6)
M Ruth was getting nip from great old bird (7)
N Trimmer has to talk about a blue (7)
O Flower, gold in ring, takes up from coup (7)
P Talking like a church in quarry spied (7)
Q Queen's fool first: a tree's insecticide (7) and horse is wild: I'm one, the first in Lent (12)
R (Jocular) You beasts! Swap loot with Trent (6,3)
S Glue up Web? Big shoes or bigger hat (4,3)
T Grandly shod, got drunk that's gain in that (3-6)
U Posh friend frequently is overhead (2,5)
V Promise to the Spanish. A not Z (5) and energy holds true, dissolved in eye (7)
W Abbey town struck Disney on the thigh (7)
X Fragrant wood my small gold box has made (12)
Y Just one changed at first for precious jade (2-5)
Z Tough, with naught to right, around it swayed (4,8)



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